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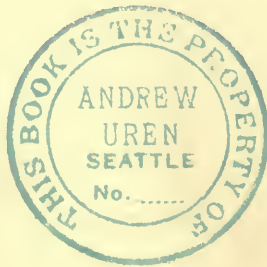
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A BUNCH OF YARNS

AND RARE BITS OF HUMOR

*An Original Collection of After-Dinner
Stories, Humorous Anecdotes and Side-
Splitting Jokes, Contributed by the
Leading Humorists of the
Vaudeville Stage*

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A Selection of Convivial Toasts

Compiled and arranged by

F. J. CAHILL

Comedian

CAREY-STAFFORD COMPANY

NEW YORK
63 5th Avenue

NEW ORLEANS
319 Carondelet Street

OK

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A BUNCH OF YARNS AND AFTER-DINNER STORIES.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

An Irish soldier in a local regiment during the late war arrived at camp late one night. He was challenged with the usual "Who goes there?"

After pondering a few moments, and the challenge being repeated, and thinking he might avoid punishment, he answered:

"Kitchener."

He was immediately knocked down with the butt end of a rifle.

While he was on the ground ruefully rubbing his head, the sentry exclaimed:

"Why, it's Callaghan! What did ye say it was Kitchener for?"

"Shure," came the answer, "when ye would do this to Kitchener, phwat would ye do to Callaghan?"

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Senator Depew at a lawyers' dinner talked about circumstantial evidence. Then he told this story:

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"A young and pretty girl had been out walking.

"On her return her mother said:

"'Where have you been my dear?'

"'Only walking in the park,' she replied.

"'With whom?' pursued her mother.

"'No one, mama,' said the young girl.

"'No one?' her mother repeated.

"'Then,' said the older lady, 'explain how it is that you have come home with a walking stick instead of an umbrella.'"

BOTH GONE.

The other night a merchant in a village in Ohio was discovered in his store at an unusually late hour, and, in reply to inquiries, he said:

"My confidential clerk is missing."

"And what of it?"

"Why, I'm looking over the books, but they seem to be all square."

"Have you counted your cash?"

"Yes, and it is correct to a dollar."

"Looked over your bank book?"

"I have, and it is satisfactory. That's the puzzle, you see. He's skipped, and I can't make out what for."

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"Been home since noon?"

"No."

"Perhaps he has eloped with your wife."

"Lands alive! but it may be so! If it is, then the puzzle will be solved."

He hurried home, and it was so, and he felt a great anxiety off his mind.

A DEAD HEAT.

"What's the funniest thing I ever saw?" repeated the gentleman of sporting tendencies. "Well, I guess it was a dead heat in an event where there was only one entry."

"How in the world was that?" came from the other end of the store, and when the answer came, "A cremation," the questioner ordered the drinks.

WELL POSTED.

Jerry Simpson one day while eulogizing Daniel Webster referred in complimentary terms to his dictionary. A friend pulled Simpson's coat-tail and whispered, "Noah made the dictionary." Simpson gave him a scornful look and whispered back, "Noah built the ark."

HE KNEW WHAT WAS WHAT.



ELL me, "How did you manage to win her affections so quickly, Dan? The recipe's worth knowing?"

"Oh, that was simple enough," replied he. "The first night I arrived at the lodging house in Australia I found

myself sitting next to a young woman at supper, who I soon found was one of the newly arrived immigrants. I looked her over and saw a round, strong, cheery-looking lass, with laughing face, and thought she'd do. I didn't know how to go foolin' around her to find a soft place, but just spoke a word or two with her, and when we came out into the passage gave her a squeeze and a kiss.

"Says she, 'How dare you!'

"Says I, 'I wants to marry you, my dear.'

" 'Marry me!' cries she, laughing. 'Why I don't know you!'

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“‘No more do I know you, my ‘dear,’ says I; ‘so that makes it fair and equal.’

“She didn’t know how to put a clapper on that, so she only laughed and said she couldn’t think of it.

“‘Not think of it,’ says I, artful like, ‘not when you’ve come all these thousands of miles for the purpose?’

“‘What do you mean?’ says she, staring.

“‘Come now,’ says I, ‘I knows what’s what.. When a man immigrationizes it’s to get work; when a woman immigrationizes it’s to get married. You may as well do it at once.’

“Well, she giggled a bit, and we were spliced two days afterwards.”

PRECAUTIONARY FLATTERY.

“Can I see the lady of the house?” inquired the pedlar of the woman who opened the door.

“Well, yes, you can if you ain’t blind,” was the answer.

“Oh, beg pardon, madam; you are the lady of the house, then?”

“Yes, I am. What d’yer take me for? Did yer think I was the gentleman of the

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house, or the next door neighbor, or one of the farm hands, or the cat, or the ice chest?"

The pedlar smiled.

"I didn't know, madam, but that you might be the youngest daughter."

"Oh, did yer?" said the lady of the house. "Well, that was nat'ral, too. What have you got to sell to-day?"

Then the pedlar displayed his wares, and when he left that doorstep half an hour later his face was full of pleasure and his pockets full of money. He evidently understood human nature and made a good sale.

BREAKING UP A MONOPOLY.

Rube—How much for a ticket to New York?

Ticket Seller—Two dollars.

"I'll give you a dollar and a half."

'Get away from the window."

"Well, how will a dollar and seventy-five cents strike you, young man?"

"No."

"All right. Now I'll not go to New York at all, and you don't get a darned nickel out of me."



SORTER SLOOPIN'.

Y attention was attracted to an old-fashioned prairie schooner, with a broad stretch of tarpaulin, which rolled into St. Louis last week and came to a stand in front of a small hotel. The sight was so novel that a reporter

hailed the bronze driver, asking where in the world he was bound. "Arkansaw," was the reply; "we're all the way fr'm Kane County, Illinoy, and we're heading f'r the Red River kentry." At that moment certain menagerie-like sounds issuing from the depths of the wagon led the reporter to glance in. As he did so a woman's face went blushing back under the cover and several children bobbed their heads up inquiringly. "You seem to have a good deal of a family," said the scribe. "Yaas, in fact I've got two families." "Two families?" "Um-hum," he grunted affirmatively.

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"You see, Samantha ther's got nine young ones and I've got seven, and they ain't quite shook together yet. Way back in Kane County we'd knowed each other for some time. Samantha there her husband wan't no count; he got to hog stealin' and then he got into the pen at Joliet, and my wife war poor and sickly, and so I shipped her on to the folks in Indiana and Samantha and I started for Arkansaw. As we kem by Joliet she went and saw her old man, Hez Ward, an' he gev his consent."

"So you're eloping?"

"Well, we are sorter slopin'."

HE CALLED CHAUNCEY.

The president of a Wisconsin railroad called on Chauncey Depew one day for a pass.

"If you will give me a pass over your road, Mr. Depew," said he, "I will extend you the same courtesy over my road."

"How long is your road?" inquired Mr. Depew.

"Well, we are operating sixty-seven miles this year."

"What, sixty-seven miles, and you call

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that an exchange of courtesy, and the Vanderbilt system has its thousands of miles."

"Well, Mr. Depew," said the Western railroad president, as he arose to go, "your road may be a little longer than mine, but it ain't any wider."

THE BANANA PEEL.

Like the bar of the beaten gold
I gleam in the summer sun;
I am little, I know, but I think I can throw
A man that will weigh a ton.
I send out no challenges bold,
I blow me no vaunting horn,
But foolish is he who treadeth on me;
He'll wish he had ne'er been born.

Like the flower of the field, vain man
Goeth forth at the break of day;
But when he shall feel my grip on his heel,
Like the stubble he fadeth away;
For I lift him high up in the air,
With his heels where his head ought to be,
With a down-coming crash he maketh his mash,
And I know he's clear gone upon me.

I am scorned by the man who buys me,
I am modest and quiet and meek;
Though my talents are few, yet the work that
I do
Has oft made the cellar-doors creak.
I'm a canary-colored Republican born,
And a Nihilist fearless I be;
Though the head wear a crown, I would bring
its pride down,
If it sets its proud heel upon me.

IRISH BEES.

District Attorney Reeves of Los Angeles, Cal., appreciates a good story and tells one of an Irishman that will bear repeating.

"Some people object to releasing prisoners on a floater because of the fact that the renegades are turned loose upon other communities. That reminds me of the Irishman who, after reaching America, was full of homesick brag, in which nothing in America even approached things of a similar variety in Ireland. In speaking of the bees of the ould sod and he grew especially roseate and said:

" 'Why, the baze in that counthry is twice as big as in this. Indade, they'er bigger than that. They're as big as th' shape ye have in this counthry!'

" 'Bees as big as sheep!' said his incredulous listener. 'Why, what kind of hives do you have to keep them in?'

" 'No bigger than the ones in this counthry,' was the reply.

" 'Then how do the bees get into the hives?' he was asked.

" 'Well,' replied the Irishman, 'that's their own dom lookout.' "

A BASHFUL BEAU.



“ESS, your beau seems very bashful,” said mamma to her daughter.

“Bashful!” echoed the daughter, “bashful is no name for it.”

“Why don’t you encourage him a little more? Some

men have to be taught how to do their courting. He’s a good catch.”

“Encourage him!” said the daughter, “he cannot take the most palpable hint. Why, only last night when I sat all alone on the sofa, he perched up in a chair as far away as he could get, I asked him if he didn’t think it strange that a man’s arm and a woman’s waist seemed always to be the same length, and what do you think he did?”

“Why, just what any sensible man would have done—tried it.”

“He asked me if I could find a piece of

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string so we could measure and see if it was so.—Ain't he a horrible man?"

AN EXPLANATION.

A wealthy New York gentleman, who has got a frisky wife, observed that his footman had bought an entirely new suit of clothes and had his beard dyed.

"What a ridiculous idea that is for you to be fixing up that way," said the gentleman.

"Well," said the footman, "you dye your mustache and fix up, too."

"I know that, but I do it to please my wife."

"Well, ain't that what I do it for?"

CAR FARE.

An Irishman who keeps a saloon found his cash was always short, so he said to his Jew bartender one day:

"Levi, did you take any money out of the register last night?"

Levi says: "Yes, I took my car-fare home."

The Irishman says: "Where do you live? In San Francisco?"

THE DOCTOR AND THE MONKEY.

The wife of a celebrated Western divine has such a fancy for Angora cats that she has a room devoted to them, leading out of which a gallery is built, so the animals can have exercise and fresh air without wandering away.

An old college friend met the doctor on the street lately, and not having seen each other for some years, the meeting was most pleasant. At last he asked: "George, what are you doing now?"

"Well," said he, "I am married, am pastor of a fine church and get a good salary."

"And your wife?"

"My wife! my wife! oh! she is in the cat raising business."

In addition to the cat craze, a monkey was added to the household menagerie, and all went pleasantly until one day, as the doctor stepped into his bath, the monkey jumped in with him. Then there was wrath in the old man's eye, when after a brief struggle he left the bath tub, holding the monkey by the neck, both dripping with water, marched into the presence of his good lady, saying: "Madam! this monkey

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business has gone too far; you must decide between me and the monkey."

She looked placidly up from a cat she was petting, saying: "Doctor, will you give me twenty-four hours to decide?" The monkey is still a member of the household.

IN THE SAME BOX.

"You have been in the army a great many years, but I have not heard of your capturing anything," said an old Washington coquette to a somewhat venerable officer of the army.

"You ought to have a fellow-feeling for me," was the reply.

"How so?"

"Because we both know what it is to grow old without making any conquests."

A LUCKY TURKEY.

After having listened, at a Christmas dinner, to Jones' stale jokes, Smith said: "I say, Jones, the Christmas turkey is luckier than we are."

Jones—In what way?

"He isn't stuffed with chestnuts until after he is dead."

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REMOVING TEMPTATION.

Deacons Smith and Jones, two pillars of the church, were working in the hayfield on a Virginia farm. Suddenly Deacon Smith called out excitedly:

"What dis ah dun foun' in dis haystack?"

"Look ter me lack er jug ob licker," Deacon Jones responded, his eyes rolling.

Both deacons pondered, and presently Deacon Smith said, gravely:

"Bro' Jones, don' yo' 'low we-all better drink up dis hyah, les' some po' weak brudder fin' hit an' fall by the wayside?"

A TRUTHFUL VERDICT.

A clergyman who had accepted an invitation to officiate at Sunday services in a neighboring town entrusted his new curate with the performance of his own duties. On returning home he asked his wife what she thought of the curate's sermon.

"It was the poorest one I ever heard," she replied, promptly—"nothing in it all all."

Later in the day the clergyman, meeting his curate, asked him how he had got on.

"Oh, very well," was the reply. "I didn't have time to prepare anything, so I preached one of your unused sermons."

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Distrust appearances ! I saw a person
Engaged in talking with a maid apart,
And every little while I chanced to notice
He lightly laid his hand upon his heart.

I thought, of course, it was a declaration.
A passage tender with the maiden fair,
But found out later that the frequent gestures
Were just to see if still his purse was there !

THE MILKY WAY.

'Twas a warm October night and the silvery moon cast glimmering shadows about the woody glen, through which the rippling brook tumbled on toward the Raritan Canal. He was but a freshman, and she—fair one—was the buxom daughter of a tiller of the soil. They had met at a Harvest Home.

"Chauncey," she lisped, with the sweetest of Jersey accents, "why do they call that the Milky Way?"

And she turned her light green eyes toward the heavens.

"Lizzie," he cried in ardent tones, as he clasped her to his boyish breast, "it is because the stars are condensed there."

Just then the moon went behind a cloud.

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CASEY IN LONDON.

"One day I was riding on top of a 'bus in London with my friend Casey. I was nearly worn out with several hours sight-seeing and the bustle and excitement of the London street, the hoi polloi, the Billingsgate and the din and rattle were becoming almost unbearable when we came in sight of Westminster Abbey. Just as we did so, the chimes burst forth in joyous melody, and I said to Casey, 'isn't it sublime? Isn't it glorious to hear those chimes pealing and doesn't it inspire one with renewed vigor?' Casey leaned over, with hand to his ear, and said, 'you'll have to speak a little louder, George, I can't hear you.' I said, 'those magnificent chimes. Do you not hear them pealing? Do they not imbue you with a feeling of almost reverence? Do they not awaken tender memories of the past?' Casey again leaned forward and said, 'I can't hear you. You'll have to speak louder.' I got as close to him as possible and said, 'do you not hear the melodious pealing of the chimes? Do they not recall the salutation of old Trinity on a Sabbath morning? Do they not take you back into

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the dim vistas of the past when the world was young and touch your heart with a feeling of pathos?' Casey put his mouth close to my ear and said, 'those d—— bells are makin' such a h—ll of a racket, George, I can't hear you.' "

—George Fuller Golden.

HULLY GEE, SWEET MARIE.

There is winter in the air, Sweet Marie;
We can see it everywhere, hully gee!
 If I'm going to take you out
 I shall have to hump about
 For an ulster cvercoat, Sweet Marie.

Hully gee, Sweet Marie; Sweet Marie, hully gee!

I've got to buy an ulster, don't you see?
I adore you, don't you know,
But when the north winds blow,
Love cannot exist on snow, Sweet Marie.

You have got upon your back, Sweet Marie;
A brand new sealskin sack bought by me;
 It will keep you safe from harm,
 From the cold winds and the storm.
But what's to keep me warm, Sweet Marie?

Don't you see, Sweet Marie;
Sweet Marie, don't you see!
How I shiver like the leaves on the tree?
 Like the cuckoo and the wren,
 I will come to see you then
When the robins nest again, Sweet Marie.

—New York Sun.

HE CAUGHT THE EGG.



R. FLANAGAN, of New Jersey, told the following story at a picnic of Patrons of Husbandry at Tuttle's Grove, near Morristown:

"I was riding from Baltimore to Washington on a fast train one day," said Mr. Flanagan. "The car window was open. As we passed another express train going in the opposite direction a hen caught in the vortex between the two trains was lifted in the air and slammed against the side of our car. As it struck an egg was cast in at the open window and fell in my lap."

"Of course it didn't break," said a cynic among the listeners.

"It did not break," went on the Representative. "Because of its premature appearance the shell was not hard, but tough and leathery instead. I took it home and put it in an incubator and in time hatched out a fine chicken."

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"Did you observe in the egg's offspring any evidence of prenatal influences?" asked the schoolmaster, shoving his glasses up on his forehead.

"Only this," said the Representative, "the chicken was a rooster, and whenever it tried to crow it whistled like a locomotive."

DIDN'T FIND HER HONEY.

A young married woman from the South, who was visiting New York a few days ago with her husband, left him in their hotel room one morning while she went on an errand. She was not accustomed to big hotels nor to big New York, but she got back without mishap in half an hour and knocked at the door. There was no response.

"Let me in, honey," said the young woman knocking more vigorously.

Still no response.

"Honey, let me in," called the young woman, redoubling her exertions. "Honey, honey, let me in."

She rattled the knob and shook the door and pounded with both fists, but there was

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the silence of the grave on the other side. The young woman's voice rose to half a cry.

"Honey, aren't you there? I want to get in. Honey, open the door."

Then arose from the other side of the door a deep, bass voice, with a resentful note in it:

"Madam," it said, "this is not a beehive. This is a bathroom."

YOUTHFUL DEPRAVITY.

"Papa," he asked, "don't wasps build their nests of mud?"

"They do, my son," said the father.

"Are wasps good for anything?"

"So far as we know, Willie, they are not."

"Then the mud is wasted, isn't it?"

"I presume it is."

"Then it's just like our Irene, isn't it?"

"How so?"

"Because it's wasp-wasted."

And the strong man, who had always felt hopes that Willie some time would enter the ministry, went out to the woodshed and wept.

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HOCH! DER KAISER.

Der Kaiser of dis Fatherland
Und Gott on high all dings command.
Ve two—ach! Don't you understand?
Myself—und Gott.

Vile some men sing der power divine,
Mine soldiers sing "Der Wacht am Rhine,"
Und drink der health in Rhenish wine
Of Me—und Gott.

Dere's France, she swaggers all aroundt
She's ausgespielt—of no account.
To much we think she don't amount—
Myself—und Gott.

She will not dare to fight again;
But if she shouldt, I'll show her blain
Dot Elsass und (in French) Lorraine
Are mein—by Gott!

Dere's grandma dink's she's nicht small beer,
Mit Boers und such she interfere;
She'll learn none owns dis hemisphere
But me—und Gott!

She dink's, goot frau, fine ships she's got,
Und soldiers mit dere scarlet coat—
Ach! We could knock dem—Pouf! like that—
Myself—mit Gott.

In dimes of peace brebare for wars—
I bear the spear and helm of Mars,
Und care not for a thousand Czars—
Myself—mit Gott!

In fact, I humor efery whim,
With aspect dark and visage grim;
Gott pulls mit me, and I mit Him—
Myself—und Gott.

A SLIP.



HE was telling the story of the engaged young man who stopped at the home of his sweetheart on his way to business one morning just to hold her hand for a moment.

"The young man rang the bell," said the story teller, "and asked the maid to announce him. Pretty

soon the girl poked her head out of the bathroom door and cried, 'Hello! Jack, dear!' 'Hello!' Jack called out. 'Come on down.' 'I can't, Jack, I'm er—well, I'm in my bath.' 'But I won't keep you a moment.' 'I haven't er—got—er—anything on, Jack,' was the hesitating reply. 'Well,' said Jack, 'slip on something and come down.'

"So," concluded the story teller, "she slipped on the top step and came down."

Everybody laughed, but one man. He

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looked as though in deep thought for a second and then cried: "You don't get me to bite on that gag."

WANTED TO ACQUIT HIM.

A man arrested for murder bribed an Irishman on the jury with a hundred dollars to hang out for a verdict of manslaughter. The jury were out a long time and finally came in with a verdict of manslaughter. The man rushed up to the Irish juror and said, "I'm obliged to you, my friend. Did you have a hard time?" "Yes," said the Irish. "A h—ll of a time. The other eleven wanted to acquit yer."

ECONOMY.

A Hebrew was killed in a railroad accident, and when taken to the undertakers it was discovered by an address in his pocket that he was the senior member of a large clothing house in New York, so the undertaker telegraphs to his partner, in sending home the body, if he shall embalm it for \$50 or freeze it for 25. The partner answered: "Freeze him from his knees up for \$15, as his feet was frostbitten last winter."

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TO HIS ADVANTAGE?

I was recently in a street car accident at 14th street and Third avenue. The next day I read a notice in the morning Journal which said; "If the Irishman who was riding in the street car at the time of the collision at 14th street and Third avenue will call at 2219 97th street (that's two blocks this side of Albany) he will learn something to his advantage. "Well I didn't have car fare so I walked out to 2219 97th street and rang the bell. A man came to the door and I said, "are you the man that put the advertisement in the paper?" He said, "yes, were you in the car?" I told him I was and he said, "well did you find a pair of spectacles?"

—*John Kernell.*

MRS. MURPHY'S SARCASM.

"Mrs. Moorphy, ye certainly are no lady. The way yez jumped into my b y Dinny an' all fur just hollerin' 'Rats!' shows to me moind that you are a dangerous character."

"Be aisy wid yer tongue there, Mrs. Riordan. Oi'm nathrally as peaceful as a

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goat, but don't you say another worrud av an oncomplimentary nature. It's bad enough to have to own yez for a neighbor, so it is, widout havin' havin' to shtand an' be talked to by yez."

"Never you mind that. It's an honor ye don't deserve. An' Oi'm thinkin' very seriously of puttin' the police on to your thrack."

"Well as for that, Mrs. Riordan, I niver had any dalin's wid the police, but av I wanted an introduction to 'em I don't know av any wan that would be better qualified by long acquaintance to give it than your own self, Mrs. Riordan. Good day till yez."

WHY BELLE ARCHER WAS KISSED.

Once when Belle Archer was in a Buffalo hotel, a bellboy came up to her in the hall, threw his arms around her and kissed her. A few minutes later he tapped softly at the door of her room. "Come in," cried the actress. The boy staggered in and said tearfully: "'Scuse me, lady, I begs your pardon; but—but I thought youse wuz de chambermaid." Miss Archer forgave him.

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PROBLEM SOLVED IN SWEDEN.

He laughed. Oh, how he laughed. It was a great joke.

"At last," he said, "I've found a place where they have women sized up just right. She isn't a complete human being."

"She isn't!" she exclaimed warmly.

"No. In Sweden where they've figured the problem out, a man is the unit of value and a woman counts for only half," he explained. "When a man travels he pays full fare on the railroad and full rates at the hotels, while if he takes his wife along the two of them are charged up as only one and a half persons. You see the logical deduction?"

"I do," she answered. "And when a woman travels alone she is charged full rate for one person, while if her husband happens to be along the rate is for one and a half persons. The husband, therefore——"

He stopped laughing.

"I always did think," he announced emphatically, "that a woman has a most perverted sense of humor and a most extraordinary method of reasoning."

"But if you really want to get at relative

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values," she persisted, "why, just consider the matrimonial market. Man is quoted at a high figure in that only when he has a title, while woman brings the top price without one."

"Oh, well," he said to himself, as he slammed the door behind him, "what's the use of arguing with a woman anyhow?"—

IRISH vs. GERMAN.

"Did you ever notice the difference between a German picnic and an Irish picnic? The Germans meet at the hall and march right out to the picnic. Do the Irish do that? Not on your life. They've got to march around town about three hours. Every man in the procession wants to pass his own house."

"At a German picnic if one man gets excited and calls another a liar, the friends of the two get around, some one orders beer and the two men shake hands and join in a song. At an Irish picnic if one man calls another a liar, that's your cue to climb a tree. There's no glass of beer ever goin' to square that."

J. W. Kelly.

TOO MUCH MOUTH.



WEALTHY young lady called at the undertaker's and identified a corpse as her father. She gave orders for elaborate burial. Just as she was leaving, she took a last look and observed that the lower jaw had fallen, exposing a set of false teeth. "That's not my father," said the young lady, and immediately left.

The undertaker yanked the body out of a handsome coffin, slapped it down on the slab and said to it: "You d— fool! If you'd kept your mouth shut, you'd got a first-class funeral."

A FAST HORSE.

An Irishman sells a horse to a Hebrew, assuring him he is a fast horse. Cohen buys him, has him insured, and next day hitches him up to his wagon, but discovers

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he is balky and will not start. A bystander suggests that he build a fire under the horse, which he does, but burns up the wagon, and still the horse will not go. He calls a doctor and he injects a fluid and the horse runs away out of sight. Cohen turns to the doctor and pleads to have some of the same so he can catch the horse.

EQUIVALENT.

“My friend Casey, had a friend named Sullivan, who was very sick, and as there was no one else available Casey told the physician that he would sit up with him. Well, the doctor told Casey to administer a powder at 10 o'clock and to give him just what he could get on a dime and no more. He took a dime from his pocket and showed Casey the necessary portion and cautioned him against giving an overdose. Casey said he understood and the doctor left—of course without leaving the dime. The next morning when he called he found the man dead. He said to Casey, ‘did you give him the dose I prescribed?’ Casey said, ‘of course I did. I didn’t have a dime so I put it on two nickels.’”

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HOW IT FELT.

The girl was very rich and the young man was poor but honest. She liked him, but that was all, and he knew it. One night he had been a little more tender than usual.

"You are very rich," he ventured.

"Yes," she replied frankly. "I am worth one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"And I am poor."

"Yes."

"Will you marry me?"

"No."

"I thought you wouldn't."

"Then why did you ask me?"

"Oh, just to see how a man feels when he loses one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

PARALYZING.

"That's a right smart little gal of yours," said a benevolent-looking old gentleman on a Western railroad to a lady sitting in front of him. "I've been watching her for some time."

"Yes, I have noticed you," remarked the

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lady; "you have children of your own, perhaps; but I daresay yours are all grown."

"No'm; I've some grown up, but I've got a little tot to home only eight months old, and another one a year old, and one fo'teen months, and one two years old, and a pair o' real cunnin' twins two years and a half old, and a boy of three and a little gal the same age. Then there's Mary, an' Arvilly, an' Jonas, an' William Henry, an' Peter, and Salviny, an' Antoynetty, an' Victoriay, an' Wellington, 'an Charles Summer, an' Angeliny, an' Cyrus, an' Naomy, an' Ruth, an' Diany an'——. I have to git off at this station to take the Salk Lake train. If you should ever be out in Utah come an' see the children. There's some I ain't named.—Good bye!"

MAN, POOR MAN.

Before a man's married he's a 'dude; after marriage he's subdued. Before marriage he has no buttons on his shirt; after marriage he has no shirt. Before marriage he swears he would not marry the best woman in the world; after marriage he finds that he hasn't.

THE TOAST.



RANKLIN B——

who has just returned from an extended Western trip tells the following:

“Recently in Los Angeles five prominent gentlemen of foreign birth happened to meet.

One was a Russian, one a Turk, one a Frenchman, one an American, and one an Englishman. These gentlemen became bosom friends, and finally a champagne supper was proposed, at which each gentleman, to be in keeping with the times, was to give a toast to his native country, the one giving the best to be at no expense for the wine. Here are the toasts given:

The Russian—“Here’s to the stars and bars of Russia, that were never pulled down.”

The Turk—“Here’s to the moons of Tur-

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key, whose wings were never clipped."

The Frenchman—"Here's to the cock of France, whose feathers were never picked."

The American—"Here's to the stars and stripes of America, never trailed in defeat."

The Englishman—"Here's to the rampin' roarin' lion of Great Britain, that tore down the stars and bars of Russia, clipped the wings of Turkey, picked the feathers off the cock of France and ran like h—ll from the stars and stripes of the United States of America."

GREAT HEAD.

Two peddlers came from Jerusalem peddling suspenders. It was agreed whoever died the first was to have five thousand dollars put in his coffin. One died, der other fellow wouldn't put der money in. He couldn't sleep. He vent and consulted a Rabbi. Der Rabbi says, "put in der five thousand dollars, or you'll never have a day's rest." Der Rabbi met him two weeks afterwards and says, "Isaacs, vat did you put in, silver, gold or bills?" He says, "I put in a check."

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A YANKEE AT THE THEATRE.

On a certain occasion, at a certain dramatic temple, a farce was in course of representation, and had just reached the scene where the lovers enters seeking, almost distracted, his lady love.

"Where, oh Heaven? where has my Julia fled?" exclaimed the actor, in despairing accents.

A specimen of the genus Yankee, in the pit, now exhibited symptoms of impatience, and as the actor repeated his impassioned inquiry, he was answered by our Yankee with:

"Right behind you, you darn fool, in the tater patch!"

The effect of this can be better imagined than described. The applause was tremendous.

NORMA WHALLEY'S PARROT.

Miss Norma Whalley has a parrot, called "Sphinx" because of the silence he has insisted on maintaining ever since he arrived at the residence of his mistress. The silence was taken by all concerned to mean mere reserve, owing to short acquaintance.

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This mist has been dispelled for he made one remark the other night that leads those who heard it to believe him to be a demon.

There were a number of visitors present and poker stories were in order. The parrot listened gravely while one woman related how her husband had held up the eight, nine, and ten of spades and caught the jack and seven, and the wise fowl merely perked his green and red tail feathers when some one else told of winning a big pot on a pair of jacks with eight people in the game. One man's narrative was of staying in a pot where everybody took two cards, and holding up an ace of diamonds, he drew three more single spots to it.

The parrot broke the calm, "Oh, my God! Isn't it awful warm?" and not a word has been said since.

WANTED PROTECTION.

"Is this a fire insurance office?"

"Yes, sir; can we write you some insurance?"

"Perhaps you can. You see, my employer threatens to fire me next Saturday, and I'd like some protection."

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BUT ONE BILLY BIRCH.



HE late Billy Birch, the old time minstrel, had just recovered from a severe illness. He met a friend who owns a trotter, and who offered the use of it to Birch, saying that the exercise of a ride would do him good.

Birch accepted the offer and ordered the horse hitched to a light road wagon. He drove slowly down Lexington avenue. The horse pranced about in a lively manner, and at times evinced a disposition to use both sides of the street.

At last a train came hissing through the tunnel, and the horse took the bit in his mouth and bolted. Here is where Birch concluded that he was no Jehu, for he wrapped the lines about the whip and deliberately climbed over the back of the seat. He did not stop at this, and soon his short legs were dangling over the tail-board of the wagon. He dropped off, rolled over in the mud several times, got up, pulled down his vest and remarked to a policeman:

"I made a hit that time eh?"

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The officer then took him to task for not holding on to his horse, but Birch shook his head and said reflectively, "There's lots of horses and buggies in this world, most noble guardian of the law, but I'll give you a quiet tip that there's is but one Billy Birch."

A BUSINESS TRANSACTION.

A wretched looking tramp went into a saloon and begged with tears in his eyes for the barkeeper to give him a nickel with which to get something to eat. He got it. As soon as he got it in his hand he slapped it down on the bar, and said, in a loud vociferous, peremptory tone of voice:

"Beer!"

It was several minutes before the barkeeper could catch his breath, and then he was eloquent.

"Well, if that ain't gall I hope I may never live to see any. Why, you—you—you, etc."

"No speeches. Begging is my business, and beer-jerking is yours. You attend to your business, and I'll attend to mine. It is going to be a cold winter, and if you want

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to keep your job you had better attend to it," said the mendicant.

The partially paralyzed barkeeper handed him out the schooner, the tramp downed it slowly and drifted out, perfectly satisfied with that little business transaction.

"What did the egg come from?"

"The hen."

"What did the hen come from?"

"The egg."

"Well, which got here first?"

HUGGING THE SHORE.

I went one day to sail in a yacht
With the very best girl I had,
And indeed I was thankful at my lot,
Which you'll see was not at all bad.

The sea ran high far away outside;
And as, in the sea's dread lore,
I was not well versed, I concluded to glide
Near by, so I hugged the shore.

Anon, as the twilight round us fell,
I spooned with the lively maid,
And what I did but the stars could tell,
And they will not, I'm afraid.

And anon again I asked her to show
How a maid could a man adore;
And she showed me how till I could but know,
And again I hugged the show-er.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Topnoody made up his mind that he was not going to be bossed any longer by his wife so he went home at noone and called out imperiously: "Mrs. Topnoody! Mrs. Topnoody!" Mrs. T. came out of the kitchen with a drop of sweat on the end of her nose, a dish-rag tied around her head, and a rolling-pin in her hand. "Well, sir," she said, "what'll you have?" Topnoody staggered, but braced up. "Mrs. Topnoody, I want ou to understand, madam"—and he tapped his breast dramatically—"I am the engineer of this establishment." "Oh, you are, are you? Well, Topnoody, I want you to understand that I"—and she looked dangerous—"am the boiler that will blow up and sling the engineer clear over into the next county. Do you hear the steam escaping Topnoody?" Topnoody heard it, and he meekly inquired if there was any assistance he could render in the housework.

"Where's your sister?"

"Over in London, living high. Where's yours?"

"Over in Proctor's, living pictures."

CHEEK.



ILLY W—— tells the the following story: A Hebrew entered the store of Dr. Vineberg, the Albany optician, and said: "Meester, I vant to get my eyes tested fur a pair of glasses."

Well, Doc sits him in a chair and places a card about 15 feet away from him and says: "Can you read that plainly?"

"I can't do it, Meester," says the Hebrew.

Doc pushes it to within about 10 feet of him and says: "Can you read it now?"

"No, I can't," says the Hebrew.

Doc sticks the card under his nose and says: "Well, can you read it now?"

"No," says the Hebrew, "I never learned to read."

—*J. W. Hartman.*

CASEY'S DISCOVERY.

There is a well-known saloon in Brooklyn which has three entrances. Casey enters and the bartender refuses to serve him because he is intoxicated. After an ar-

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gument Casey leaves the saloon and soon discovers the second entrance. He goes in and looks at the bartender with considerable surprise and again calls for a drink and is again refused. He leaves, but soon comes back through the third entrance. He walks up to the bar unsteadily and looking the bartender in the face says disgustedly, "Say, do you own all the saloons in town?"

—*J. W. Kelly.*

A STORY OF A KISS.

A man was walking along one road and a woman along another. The roads finally united into one, and reaching the point of junction at the same time, they walked on together. The man was carrying a large iron kettle on his back; in one hand he held the legs of a live chicken, in the other a cane, and he was leading a goat. They neared a dark ravine. Said the woman: "I am afraid to go through that ravine with you; it is a lonely place, and you might overpower me and kiss me by force." Said the man: "How can I possibly overpower you and kiss you by force when I have this great iron kettle on my back, a cane in one

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hand, a live chicken in the other, and am leading this goat? I might as well be tied hand and foot." "Yes," replied the woman; "but if you should stick your cane in the ground and tie your goat to it, and turn the kettle bottom-side up and put the chicken under it, then you might wickedly kiss me in spite of my resistance." "Success to thy ingenuity. O woman!" said the rejoicing man to himself: "I should never have thought of this or similar expedients." And when they came to the ravine he stuck his cane into the ground and tied the goat to it, and gave the chicken to the woman, saying: "Hold it while I cut some grass for the goat," and then—so runs the legend—lowering the kettle from his shoulders he put the fowl under it and wickedly kissed the woman, as she was afraid he would.

Henry Parker is absent minded. One day he ran against a cow. He raised his hat and said: "I beg your pardon, Madam." Soon after he stumbled against a lady. Without looking up he said: "Is that you again, you brute?"

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PARTIAL SUCCESS.

"I thought I had hit on a great scheme not long ago," said the fat man.

"What was it?" asked the man with the straw-colored vest.

"Why, a fellow down in the country had occasion to send me \$35 by mail. Now, you know, it is a well-known fact that money can be detected in an envelope by the smell. So I wrote to him to perfume the letter in order that the scent of the money could not be noticed."

"Um. How did it work?"

"Oh, the letter got through all right, but the idiot addressed it to the house. And the letter being scented, my wife opened it and I only got \$15 out of the \$35."

FLY SOUP.

Mr. Rosenzki took his boy to a restaurant last week to get a bowl of soup. Jakey commenced to eat it, and he grabbed his father by the coat and he says, "papa, there's fly in der soup." Papa says, "eat der soup and wait till you come down to der fly, tell de waiter and he'll give you another bowl for nothing."

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HER TOP SHEET.



FRANK B——, the popular salesman, tells the following true story: "One learns many strange uses and misuses of things at country inns, but let us hope that the experience related by a friend of mine as having happened to himself is a rare one. He had gone to bed in an Irish inn, bidding the landlady to have him called at 8. At 6, however, next morning she knocked at his door.

"Ye've to git up," she said.

"What o'clock is it?"

"Six, Surr."

"Go away, I am not going to get up till 8."

At 7 she reappeared. "Indade, and ye must get up now, it's 7." Finding him unmoved at her next return, she said: "Git up, there's a sweet gintelman; there's two commercial gentlemen waiting for their breakfast, and I can't lay the cloth till I have yer honor's top sheet."

A lady was walking along market street,

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in San Francisco, holding a little girl by the hand, who showed all the symptoms of having a flea on her somewhere. A newsboy rushed up and exclaimed "Examiner! Examiner!!" "I'll wait till I get home, I guess," said the lady, reflectively.

—*Charles R. Sweet.*

A SEA HORSE.

"Say, Captain," said a fresh young man on a Sound steamer, "What's that thing over there?"

"A hawser," was the brief reply.

"A horse? Dear me! What do you use it for, Captain?"

"Well, when fools like you get tired of sailing we just put a saddle on it and let them ride ashore," growled the gruff old mariner.

"What must a man be that he shall be buried with military honors?"

"He must be a Captain."

"Then I lose the bet."

"What did you bet?"

"I bet he must be dead."

—*Dave Warfield.*

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HE GOT THE JOB.

A few years ago, into a large grocery store in New York walked a tall, muscular-looking, raw-boned man, evidently a fresh-comer from some back town in Maine or New Hampshire. Accosting the first person he met, who happened to be the merchant himself, he said:

"You don't want to hire a man in your store, do you?"

"Well," said the merchant, "I don't know; what can you do?"

"Do!" said the man, "I rather guess I can turn my hand to almost anything. What do you want done?"

"Well, if I were to hire a man, it would be one that could lift well, a strong wiry fellow—one, for instance, that could shoulder a sack of coffee, like that yonder, and carry it across the store twice and never lay it down."

"There, now, captin," said our countryman, "that's just me. What will you give a man that can suit you?"

"I tell you," said the merchant, "if you will shoulder that sack of coffee, and carry it across the store twice and never lay it

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down, I will hire you for a year, at \$100 per month.

"Done!" said the stranger; and by this time every clerk in the store had gathered around and were waiting to join in the laugh against the man, who, walking to the sack, threw it across his shoulder with perfect ease, as it was not extremely heavy, and walking with it twice across the store, went quietly to a large hook which was fastened to the wall, and hanging the sack upon it, turned to the merchant and said:

"There, now, it may hang there till doomsday; I shan't never lay it down. What shall I go about, mister? Just give me plenty to do and \$100 a month, and it's all right."

"The clerks broke into a laugh, but it was out of the other side of their mouths; and the merchant, discomfited yet satisfied, kept to his agreement, and today the green countryman is the senior partner in the firm and worth half a million dollars.

Cohen left the ball-game because he said the umpire looked right at him when he called "three balls!"

OBSERVATIONS.



I GOT off a train at a small town the other day and I said to an Irishman standing near the depot, "what do you think of that? Everybody on that train I just got off is a republican. There isn't a democrat on the train." "Oh," said the Irishman, "what does that train amount to! Wait 'till the gravel train comes up."

Speaking of Irishmen, the other day I met an Irishman dressed in black. I said: "Where have you been?" He said: "To a funeral." "Whose?" I asked. "I dunno," said he, "I only went for the ride."

The other day I offered my seat in the street car to an Irishwoman. I said, "Sit down, won't you?" She said: "No, thank you. I'm in a hurry."

A painter, who fell off a scaffold with a pot of paint in each hand said: "well, I came down with flying colors, anyhow."

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"GOT HIM DAR."

There is an old negro in Austin, who claims to have studied "flosify ouden a book." He propounds unanswerable questions to the lawyers whose rooms he cleans, and he discusses "pints o' law" with the justice of the peace of his precinct. Yesterday he went into the justice court and said: "Jedge, kin I git a 'dictment writ agin dat wuffless nigger, Pete?"

"What's he been doing?"

"He's a procrastimator. He's bin a procrastimatin', sah!"

"Procastinating?"

"Yes, sah, dat's what he's bin doin' fur a fac'."

"But there's no law against that."

"No law agin procrastimation? Den what's de law fur? Ain't procrastimation de thief ob time?"

"Certainly, I believe it has been so stated."

"Well, den, ain't Pete a thief?"

"Yes, you might so construe it, but you cannot convict a man for stealin' time."

"No, but, when we hab got de proof on him fur stealin' time, we hab got de circum-

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stantial ebidence agin him fur stealin' money, fur don't flossify say dat time am money? Got yer dar, jedge."

And, while the judge and the lawyers groaned, the old man went out chuckling to himself: "Got him dar. Got de jedge dis time suah yer a foot high."

SUCH A LIAR.

Casey and Riley agreed to settle their dispute by a fight and it was understood that whoever wanted to quit should say "enough." Casey got Riley down and was hammering him unmercifully, when Riley called out several times "enough!" As Casey paid no attention, but kept on administering punishment, a bystander said, "Why don't you let him up? Don't you hear him say that he's got enough?" "I do," says Casey, "but he's such a liar, you can't believe him."

—*John E. Drew.*

"I suppose Barnum went to heaven when he died?"

"Well, he certainly had a good chance. In fact he had the greatest show on earth."

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FRENCH FUN.

A man very much excited burst into M. Pasteur's laboratory the other day.

"Oh, Doctor," he cried, I have been bitten!"

"By a dog?" asked Pasteur.

"No; worse than that."

"By a cat?"

"A kind of cat. But oh, Doctor, can you cure me?"

"It was a wolf, then."

"Not a wolf, but much worse. It was my mother-in-law!"

"In that case," said Pasteur, turning to his work, "nothing can be done."

HIS GOOD LUCK.

An Irishman, in order to celebrate the advent of a new era, went out on a lark. He didn't get home till 3 o'clock in the morning, and was barely in the house before a nurse rushed up and, uncovering a bunch of soft goods, showed him triplets. The Irishman looked up at the clock, which said 3, then at three of a kind in the nurse's arms, and said: Oi'm not superstitious, but thank Hivens thot Oi didn't come home at twelve!"



A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

OW sorrow came into that little home.

"I shall never forgive him! Never! Never!" she cried.

Then she threw herself upon a divan and wept bitterly. There

was a ring at the door bell.

"Ah, my dear mother, is it you?" she exclaimed as a woman of commanding presence entered the room.

"It is I," was the answer. "Why do I find you weeping?"

"I have been cruelly treated by the man whom I trusted—the man whom we led—who led me to the altar."

"Has he struck you?"

"Worse!"

"Deserted you? Left you to face poverty alone?"

"Worse. He asked me to mend his trousers."

"And you."

"I refused. And now—oh, horrors—I cannot tell it."

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‘Speak my child, speak.’

“He has worn my bicycle bloomers down to his office.”

Wretch!”

NOT HIS FAULT.

One day this week the Senate did not meet at noon. The hands of the clock were at least three minutes past the hour of 12 when the chaplain lifted his voice in the opening prayer. And all because Senator Frye was telling a story to the preacher.

“When I was up in Maine recently,” said Mr. Frye, “I was summoned to prepare a will for a man who was very ill. It was necessary, of course, to secure two witnesses, and they had to be sent for. While we were waiting for them to arrive the man seemed to get worse, and I thought it my duty, no minister being present, to talk seriously to him. I told him that he was very ill and that it was likely he would soon depart this life.

“‘And are you ready to meet this great change?’ I asked him.

“‘I will be,’ was the reply, ‘as soon as those d——d witnesses get here.’”

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"FWAS WOLLEN SIE HABEN."

Mrs. O'Flaherty—An' fwhat sames to be the matter wid the Colonel, Mrs. O'Raherty? I did hear him gruntin' siveral toimes durin' the day.

Mrs. O'Raherty—Indade, Mrs. O'Flaherty it's very sick the Colonel is. He did fall in wid very bad company yiste'day. As he was comin' from church he did stop in a saloon beyant, an' wan of the fellies he says to the Colonel, says he:

'You understand some German, I be-lave?' 'Troth, an' it's a big fool I would be, says the Colonel, 'if I wouldn't understand some Ditch after being wurruckin' on the sthrates wid 'em fur over twinty years.'

"'Then,' said the felly, "fwhat's the English av "Fwas wollen sie haben?"

"'Fwhat will ye have?' said the Colonel.

"An' then ivery man in the house did yell 'Beer!' An' av coorse the Colonel did have to set thim up to the whole house; an' so on did they kape catchin' ivery wan that did come in wid their 'Fwas wollen sie haben?' until the whole town samed to be droonk; an' a sicker mon there niver was

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than the Colonel was all last noight an' the whole av the day. It's a great shame it is to be ropin' in innicint men wid sich Dutch as that."

A NEW WAY TO GET MONEY.

Solomon Isaacs vas going around last veek in a synagogue collecting money to build a new Hebrew orphan asylum, soon as he got a hat full he tried to sneak out of der door mit it. Der Rabbi grabb'd him and says, "Solomon, if you go out that door mit that hat full of money you'll be d——m'd." A Jew boy got up and says, "If he ain't going out mit' it, I'll be d——m'd."

FROM SOLE TO UPPER.

"What is this leathery stuff?" the diner asked, when the second course of the dinner was served.

"That is a filet of sole, sir," replied the waiter.

"Take it away," said the diner, after attacking it with his fork, "and see if you can't get me a nice tender piece of the upper, with the buttons removed."

WHAT KILLED THE PARROT.



HEN I was in New York a few weeks ago I saw a man walking along Lenox avenue carrying a parrot in a cage.

"What you got there?" I asked.

"Parrot; I'm taking it home to my wife. She always wanted one."

"I hope you'll have better luck than I did with one I gave my wife."

"What happened to it?"

"Don't know my wife, do you?"

"No."

"Neither did the parrot. It wanted to talk during the daytime and couldn't get a chance while my wife was around, so it stayed awake at night to do its talking, and the poor thing died of insomnia before two weeks."

HIS REMEDY.

"You are bothered a great deal by insects, are you not?" asked Colonel Sumpter McBride, who is visiting New York.

"The fleas pester us some, but I've got a

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way of getting rid of 'em when they get too thick in the house."

"How do you manage—insect powder?"

"No, I've got a better plan than that. I give a party, and invite all the neighbors, and my fleas all go off on the women," and the old reprobate chuckled for fifteen minutes.

A SURE WINNER.

A Tout says to Goldberg, "I have a sure thing," but don't tell anyone or the book-makers will get on and down goes the odds. Goldberg goes up to a bookmaker and wants to bet \$50, and of course is asked the name of the horse he wants to back. Vat do you tink I vas? "no sir, not in a tousand years tell you his name. He is a sure winner, give me a ticket."

Rules for Central Park—"Couples making love will beware of the rubber plant. "While driving through the park don't speak to your horses. They carry tales." "All the animals are not in cages. There are some dandelions on the lawn."

— *Rogers Bros.*

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PAT'S FEAR.

An old Irishman who had recently recovered from a severe attack of sickness, chanced to meet his parish priest, who had been summoned during his illness to administer the rites of the church to the dying, as he was considered to be near death's door, and the following conversation took place: "Ah, Pat, I see you out again. We thought you were gone sure. You had a pretty serious time of it." "Yis, yer riverence. indade I did." "When you were so near death's door, were you not afraid to meet your God, your Maker?" "No, indade, your riverence. It was the other gintlemin."

SPANISH LOVE.

I recently saw a young soldier, wearing a ragged U. S. uniform, seated on an old soap box in front of the *World* building, playing upon a wheezy accordion, "Give Us Just Another Lincoln." He truly presented a sorry spectacle. His legs were both missing below the knees, one arm was gone at the shoulder, and he was short an eye and part of an ear. A well dressed gentleman

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stepped up and dropped a five-dollar bill in the tin cup suspended around his neck. Surprised at the liberal donation, the young soldier said gratefully, "You must be a comrade." "No," replied the philanthropist, "I'm a Spaniard, and you're the first American that I've seen since the war that was done up to suit me."

A SUMMER IDYL.

An apple in an orchard grew,
An apple of an emerald hue;
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew,
It grew.

One day, while passing the orchard through,
The apple dawned upon the view
Of Johnny Jones and his sister Sue—
Them two.

A stick into the tree they threw,
Down came the apple wet with dew,
The apple of an emerald hue—
Peek-a-boo.

Johnny took a bite and Sue took a chew,
Then the trouble began to brew,
Trouble the doctors could not subdue—
Paregoric for two.

Under the turf where the daisies grew,
They planted Johnny and Sister Sue,
And their little souls to heaven flew—
Adieu.

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PUNNING.



HERE are some punning catches which are appreciated by a good many people. Here is an old one that is good:

If a father gave one of his sons 19 cents and the other 6 cents,

what time would it be?

The answer is "Quarter to two."

And here is one of more recent birth:

If a postmaster went to a menagerie and was eaten by one of the wild beasts, what would be the hour?

Perhaps you'll have to think this over a little. Yet the answer is very simple. It is "8 p. m.," of course.

QUESTION IN GRAMMAR.

One of the Board of Education, going his rounds as an amateur, put the following question to a scholar in a country school:

"How do you parse, 'Mary milked the cow?'"

Pupil—Cow is a noun, feminine gen-

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der, singular number, third person, and stands for Mary."

"Stands for Mary!" exclaimed he of the Board; "how do you make that out?"

"Because," added the intelligent pupil, "if the cow didn't stand for Mary, how could Mary milk her?"

THE PLAY IS ON.

Young Perkins had been paying court to a bill poster's daughter for some time, but no engagement seemed to come of it. The father, becoming impatient, said to Perkins finally:

"Young man, when does your show open?"

"I haven't any show," said Perkins.

"I thought you had, for you and Sue have been billing for some time back."

Perkins took the hint, proposed and was accepted, and the show commenced not long after.

"I saw a big rat in my cook-stove and when I went for my revolver he ran out."

"Did you shoot him?"

"No. He was out of my range."

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Two gentlemen stood in front of a building in process of erection on one of the New York thoroughfares, discussing a late shipwreck, from which one of them, by the exercise of unusual presence of mind, had narrowly escaped.

At their side a humble "son of Erin" was busily mixing the plaster for the new walls. Turning, in great friendliness, born of his escape from death, the fortunate man addressed him:

"Well, my dear fellow, can you think of anything more desirable in time of great peril than 'presence of mind?'"

"Well, sor, indeed thin, no; unless it be absince of body."

SCALED VITUPERATION.

In order to discourage the use of objectionable words the father had evolved a system of fines, somewhat after this fashion:

Hang it—One cent.

Darn it—Two cents.

Gosh—Three cents.

Gosh darn it—Five cents.

The boy who was to be reformed by this

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method studied the tariff with considerable interest, but it was some time before he spoke.

"Well," he said at last, "I guess I know some words that would cost a quarter."

THE RESTRICTION REMOVED.

The will of Stephen Girard provided that no clergyman should ever be allowed to enter the splendid Girard College at Philadelphia.

One day a very clerical looking man, with immaculate white cravat and choker approached the entrance.

"You can't come in here," said the janitor.

"The —— I can't!" said the stranger.

"Oh," said the janitor, "excuse me. Step right in."

Goldstein: "I know a rich girl dat wants to get married. Get a bath, clean yourseluf up and you can vin her sure. She'll marry you in a minute."

Bernstein (cautious): "Y—as. Suppose I clean myself up und she von't marry me?"

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AT THE BALL.



AY I get you a glass of champagne to take with this cake?"

"No, sir; I thank you. Champagne is too strong for me."

"It is not so strong as brandy."

"O, you are mistaken. Champagne is so strong that it forces the cork out of the bottle and drives it against the ceiling. I don't mind taking a little pony brandy, but no champagne for me. I can't stand strong drink."

A PIANO DOCTOR.

A few years ago there lived in Providence, R. I., Frank J. Smith, a jolly, good fellow with a keen sense of humor. For some time he tuned pianos for Brown & Co., and while engaged in this occupation he met with a good many amusing experiences. On his trips about the city, Frank used to carry his tools in a little grip that resembled somewhat a doctor's medicine case. He had occasion to frequently pass

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a certain house on Pleasant street, and one day the owner beckoned to him and asked him to step in. Frank complied, thinking there was probably a piano that needed attention. As soon as he was inside the house the man said: "Come into this room. I want you to see my wife. She's broken out with some kind of a rash." And before Frank had time to explain he was in the presence of the invalid. "Now, what would you advise me to do?" persisted the man. Frank pondered a moment; bit the end of his cigar thoughtfully and then said, as if the advice was the result of much reflection:

"I believe if I were you, I'd call in a doctor."

"Great Scott!" said the man, "aren't you a doctor?"

"No, said Frank, cheerfully," I'm a piano tuner."

If a guest at a restaurant ordered a lobster and ate it, and another guest did the same, what would the latter's telephone number be?

It would be "8—I—2."

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GOOD REASONS.

"Say, Pat, I hear you've been offered a job in the P. W. department. Are you going to take it?"

"Shure an' I am."

"But the hours are long and the pay bad."

"It's meself that knows it."

"Surely those are two good reasons for refusing it!"

"Thru for ye, me bhoy, but I've got six good reasons for acceptin' it."

"What are they?"

"Shure, a wife an' foive kids."

PROVOCATION.

"What have you to say to this charge of assaulting Michael Rafferty?" asked the magistrate.

"Oi licked 'im," replied Mr. Dolan, looking the court in the eye. "An' wid no disrespect to anybody to whom respect is due, it's hopin' Oi am that Oi done it good."

"Was there any provocation?"

"They wor thot same."

"What was it?"

"Oi hev a goat, yer Anner—a foine ani-

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mal, too. 'Does yer goat give milk?' says Rafferty. 'It does,' says Oi. 'Then,' says he 'it's buttermilk.' 'It's as swate an' foin as any ye iver saw,' says I. 'Certainly; but is is buttermilk—nevertheless—what else could yer goat give but-her-milk,' says he, an' thin we came together. Though Oi must say, yer Anner, thot whin Oi come to repeat it over a few times an' consider the nature av the goat, Oi'm compelled to say Oi were a bit hasty. Bedad, if the court'll give me leave, I'll 'poligize to Rafferty, so Oi will."

DELAY IS DANGEROUS.

Mr. Oppenheimer, being informed by his manager that there was no insurance on his stock and fixtures, replied, "Vait until to-morrow and we will insure;" but when he came to his store the next morning, was dumbfounded to see only the walls standing and everything burned up.

He exclaimed, "Oh, Lord, strike me dead!" when a brick fell down and struck him on the head, knocking him senseless. When he revived, looking up, he said, "Oh, Lord, can't you take a joke?"

VACCINATION IN THE HUB.



ERRY was the lawn party, and the bright young man found himself privileged to sit next to the young woman with beautiful arms and neck. He thought himself the most favored personage on the scene. Suddenly his fair companion exhibited signs of nervousness. Two of his very best jokes, saved for a special occasion, passed by unnoticed. Her face wore a look of alarm. Apprehensively the young man gazed at her and, meeting the look, she said:

"I am in misery."

"In misery?" echoed the man.

"Yes," she replied. "I was vaccinated the other day and it has taken beautifully. I could almost scream, it hurts so."

The young man looked at the beautiful arms and, seeing no mark there, said

"Why, where were you vaccinated?"

"In Boston," she replied, the smile chasing away the look of pain.

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HE WAS RIGHT.

Mr. Frank Lane tells the following story about a Boston Irishman.

"The old man had been employed on the docks as watchman by the city for thirty-five years. His son had grown up in that time and married and made him a grandfather, and held down a position in the city hall also. It was the only job the old man had ever had since he landed on this side, and for thirty-five years he had reported every night for duty, and every pay day for his wages. Finally the son came home one night and told the old man that the Superintendent of Docks had decided to get a new watchman.

" 'Phat's that? Get a new watchman, is it?'

" 'That's it, old man.'

" 'An' he's goin' to foire me, is it?'

" 'Your due for the chopping block, Pop.'

" 'An' when am I t' get me discharge?'

" 'Next month.'

"The old man didn't say anything more, but he looked very blue, and finally the old lady asked him what the matter was.

" 'They're after dischargin' me down at

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th' docks. Sure I told ye' th' furrst day I wint t' worruk there I didn't think 'twud be a steady job, an' I wor right.' "

"Did you have any trouble with black ants in Ireland, Bridget?"

"No, ma'm, but I had some trouble onc't with a white uncle."

WHY SHE WAS SALTED.

The Sunday-school was hushed and still,
And the parson led in prayer,
Then said a speech would now be made
By a stranger who was there.

The lesson told, that day, the fate
Of the cities razed by fire,
And of the great reward of those
Who obeyed the Lord's desire.

And then the stranger spoke of those
Who had disobeyed God's law;
Said they the end of such as sinned
In the death of Lot's wife saw.

To impress the fact, he asked a class,
Small "eight-year" urchins they,
Why God had turned Lot's wife to salt
On that ill-fated day.

One little rascal made response,
With grimy hand upheld;
His shrill voice sounded loud and clear,
"She was too fresh," he yelled.

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A GROUP OF SWEDISH JOKES.

Teacher—What do you call the last teeth we get?

Pupil—False teeth.

Bill—Why are you in such a hurry?

Jack—Creditor after me—hounding me to death.

Bill—Run into the Savings Bank. He'll never think of looking for you there.

Buff—Have you no memento of your mother-in-law, who came to so sudden an end in Africa?

Duff—No, worse luck, We only succeeded in getting a photograph of the cannibal that ate her.

Young Minister (disgusted)—I preached to a congregation of asses today.

Church Member—I noticed that you called them your dear brothers."

"Is that my umbrella you have?"

"Most likely. Just bought it in a pawnshop."

"Dennis, I'm told ye was the best man at Mike's marriage." "The same is a lie," answered Dennis, "but bejabbers, I was as good as anny man was there."

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A COMPLETE GIVE-AWAY.



A W Y E R—Y o u s a y,
madame, that you have
been a true and loving
wife?

Witness—I have, sir, as
God is my witness.

And you have spared
no effort to retain the love and esteem of
your husband?

I have done everything I could to make
him love me, and he knows it.

Ahem. Madame, who gets up and makes
the fire these cold mornings?

He—he—does.

Ah, indeed; then don't you think your
statement that you had made every possible
effort to retain your husband's love and
esteem a little premature, eh?

HE WORKED THE BOSS.

A little man with a bald head and an in-
offensive blue eye drifted into a Main street
saloon and threw a half dollar on the bar.

"Gimme a schooner of beer," he said.

The schooner was given him. Just as he
was about to drink it a big man came in

and said: "Hello, Shorty. Who's buying?"

"I am," replied Shorty, with dignity.

"You," scoffed the big man. "Why, you never had a cent in your life. Your wife gets your wages."

"That's all right," said Shorty. "Mebbe she does, but I've got money today."

"How'd you get it?"

"Well," replied Shorty, "I don't know as I mind tellin. I had a couple of bad teeth, an she gimme enough to get them pulled."

"Didn't you get 'em pulled?"

"Sure, but I worked her for 50 cents for gas, an this is the 50. See?"

A CHEAP FEED.

A man was sitting in a restaurant eating oysters. In came an Irishman and said: "Oi'll bet a dime thot Oi con eat oysters faster then yez con open thim."

"Done!" said the shell cracker.

At the end of an hour the man had opened seventy-five oysters, but the Irishman had only been able to eat sixty-five.

Getting up with difficulty, the Irishman said: "Yez win," laid down a dime and walked out.

THE BAND WAS ALWAYS THERE.

A gentlemanly merchant traveler in a railway carriage met a lady and politely rendered her such assistance that she reciprocated by permitting him to talk to her. He became quite friendly, and desired to know where she lived and who she was.

"Oh," she replied, "I'm only an ordinary little woman, but my friends persist in trying to make me somebody."

"Ah," was the gallant answer, "I am sure they act quite wisely and with good taste."

"You flatter me, sir, and yet I have no doubt a band will meet me at the station when I arrive at Windsor."

"Indeed?" he replied in open eyed astonishment.

"Yes, and the same band always meets me. Isn't that flattering?"

"Very, my dear miss; but may I ask what band it is that is always so honored?"

"Oh, yes, certainly; it is a husband."

He caught on to the arm of the seat for a minute and then went into the next carriage and bumped his head during the change.

Two Jews in a street car.—First Jew: "I

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vill nefer go py Far Rockaway agen fer de summer. Nodding but Irish everywhere." Second Jew: "It's de same at Saratoga, Abey, it's alive mit Irish. I vish I could go vere dere vas no Irish."

Mrs. Clancy (on the opposite seat.)—"Yez can both go to h—l, y'll find no Irish there."

THE PRETTY MAID.

"Oh, whither now, my pretty maid?"

Inquired the kind old pastor;

"I goeth now to town," she said,

"To get a porous plaster."

"Oh, why dost want, my pretty maid,

This thing called porous plaster;

Hast rheumatiz?" the pastor said,

"Oh hast thou met disaster?"

"Oh, sir, I fear," the maiden said,

"That sore we need the plaster;

Our brindle cow has raised Old Ned,

And kicked Sal in the pastur."

"And thou wilt use it, pretty maid,

Upon the cow?" he asked her;

"Oh, no, you fool," the maiden said,

"Not on the cow, dod blast her."

"What then wilt do, my pretty gal,

With this 'ere porous plaster?"

"I'll use it where the cow kicked Sal,

But I don't mean in the pastur."

PATRICK'S DAY ON APRIL 5.



SAW a funny incident some years ago in Cincinnati, O., said a drummer. A number of solemn-faced men were standing in front of a house. They were dressed in black, and had evergreens in their button holes. They belonged to the Masonic fraternity, and were doing the last honors to a deceased brother. Just as they were about to fall in who should stroll up but Patrick O'Flarity, just out of a saloon. When he saw the evergreens he rubbed his eyes and took another look. That look settled it. He understood it all at a glance. He tilted his hat back on his head, put his cane under his arm, and dancing up to an aged Israelite with a beard three feet long, and who looked like a whole Synagogue, ran his arm through that of the astonished Hebrew and said with a rich brogue:

"Hurrah for ould Ireland! And it does me eyes good to see the byes a wearn' of the green. St. Patrick was a jintleman,

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"Go vay mit yer," responded the venerable Israelite. "Don't you know dere was some funerals in dot house? Go vay, or I calls poleesh!"

"And in what part of ould Ireland did yer pick up that brogue? Ye are the first Oirishman I iver saw that was a Dootchman. Maybe it's your wife that is an Oirishman."

Just then the procession began to move, and O'Flarity, after staring at it for a few moments, asked a bootblack what day of the month it was, and was told that it was the 5th of April.

"The Fifth of April! No wonder, thin, there was a Dootchman in the percission when Saint Pathrick's Day comes on the 5th of April. And they were all droonk, too. It was that what desaved me," and solemnly shaking his head he went back to the saloon.

HOW A WOMAN DOES IT.

Woman with satchel enters car, sits down.

Enters conductor, asks fare.

Woman opens satchel, takes out purse,

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shuts satchel, opens purse, takes out dime,
shuts purse, opens satchel, puts in purse,
shuts satchel.

Offers dime, receives nickel.

Opens satchel, takes out purse, shuts
satchel, opens purse, puts in nickel, closes
purse, opens satchel, puts in purse, closes
satchel.

Stop the car, please.

NO ADVANTAGE.

Johnnie—"I wish I lived in South America."

Mother—"Why, Johnnie?"

"The mammas down there don't wear any slippers."

"Yes, my son, but you must also remember that the little boys in South America do not wear any pants.

"That's so. It's queer that I never thought about that."

"You know Fatty Schultz the butcher. What do you suppose he weighs?"

"I don't know, what does he weigh?"

"Meat."

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A NEW DISEASE.

"Your husband requires rest," said the doctor, as he came from the sick chamber.

"He will soon be well; he has a bad attack of tickerosis." "Tickerosis, doctor! Why, that's a new disease, isn't it?" "Yes, quite new. It is caused by watching the tickers in the brokers' office. It affects the optic nerve and the spinal column."

A MODEST MAID.

An old maid lived in our town,
So I have heard it said,
Who, if you called a dress a gown,
Would blush like poppies red.

Her mind was neither frail nor weak—
Her modesty was rare;
Of autumn trees she'd never speak
Because their limbs were bare.

When night its sable shadows threw
She'd tumble in a swoon
If curtain did not hide from view
The man up in the moon.

She never sang a sacred song—
A very modest whin:
To think of one she thought was wrong,
Because it was a hymn.

A plumber caused her death one day—
That's how the story goes—
By asking in a careless way
To let him see her hose.

ANOTHER KIND OF A CAT.



ART W——, a jolly joker, was presented with a beautiful kitten. A couple of young ladies, one of them named Julia, happened into the store, and of course kitty, as kittens and babies always do, came in for an immense quantity of endearments and caresses.

“Oh, my! what a sweet, darling little kitty! What is its name?”

“It has not been named yet.”

“Oh, the dear thing! Do call it Julia, won’t you?”

“I should be very happy to do so,” said our gallant friend—“but it isn’t that kind of a cat!”

Kitty was deposited on the floor in a twinkling, and a couple of young ladies were seen looking around for a good place to faint.

GOOD REASON.

Young Foplet is very inpecunious, but has an amazing good opinion of his own wit. The other day he said to Miss Sharpe:

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"Who do you suppose I saw on the back platform of the car this morning?" "I can't imagine," answered the lady. "The conductor," chuckled Foplet. "Ah," said Miss Sharpe: "that's the reason you walked."

NOT A FAST COLOR.

A railroad engineer who had a danger-signal head of hair, got a barber to dye it black, but the color didn't stay. A brother of the footboard met him soon after and said:

"Jim, were you hurt much?"

"Hurt where?"

"In the accident."

"What accident?"

"Why, the washout, of course."

THE END JUSTIFIES THE MEANS.

"Yes," she said, "we decided to let John play on his college football team, but we had a definite object in view."

"What was that?"

"When the season is over we're going to have his hair cut and weave it into a door-mat."

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AN ODD SPECIMEN.

The drummer didn't want to talk. Something must have been the matter with him seriously, or he never would have felt such disinclination, of course, but the hotel clerk disregarded the signs and insisted on his telling a story.

"I haven't any story to tell," growled the drummer.

"Aw, come off," urged the clerk. "You know you have plenty. Give us one, and don't act ugly."

The drummer growled some more, but it did no good, for the clerk kept on nagging him.

"Well," said the drummer at last, "if I tell you one, will you let up on me?"

"Yes, anyhow, until tomorrow."

"Very well," proceeded the drummer, "when I was in Indiana four days ago I met a man who was an odd specimen, for a fact."

"What was odd about him?" asked the clerk, who observed that the drummer manifested a disposition to stop at that point.

"His arms," said the drummer, languidly.

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"What was odd about them?" again asked the clerk encouragingly.

"He had only one," said the drummer, and the clerk went around behind the counter and kicked an inoffending valise up against the wall.

CHEAP FOR CASH.

"You look all broke up, Emil. Vat's de matter? Have you been sick?"

"Yes. I've got sometings de matter vit my liver. Malaria, I guess."

"Vy don't you try Turkish baths, Emil? Dey are great tings."

"How do you know?"

"I bought six tickets four years ago, und I've got four left. If you vant to buy 'em, I'll sell 'em at less dan cost."

A SAD DILEMMA.

Gilhooly—"Sad affair over at Jones'."

Smith—"What's the matter?"

"One of the twins has died."

"That is an affliction."

"Yes, and the worst of it is the people don't know which of them is dead, they look so much alike."

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE.



DOCTOR B—— and two friends were chatting on a street corner in a Southern town, when, looking up the street, they espied an old negro belaboring a stubborn mule. The animal persistently refused to budge. In a moment one of the men called out, "Wait a minute, Uncle Toby, I'll fix him!"

Stooping to his physician's satchel, he took out a small hypodermic syringe, filled it with something, and started for the unruly animal. "Wait till I put a little spook-joo into him, Uncle Toby." At the first prick of the needle the mule took off at a gallop up the street.

"How much dat medicine, doctah?" inquired Uncle Toby, preparing to follow.

"Never mind now. Ten cents some other day."

The men continued their conversation, when some moments later they were surprised to see Uncle Toby coming up at a brisk pace. "Here, doctah," he said, rolling up his trouser leg, "Put 20 cents' worth

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of dat stuff in my leg. I'se boun' ter ketch dat mule!"

HAVE MET BEFORE.

The judge, stern and authoritative, leaned out over his desk and looked down at the young belligerent, a boy of about 9, who had been brought in by a big policeman for judgment.

Sizing the boy up and down over his glasses, the judge cleared his throat.

"Young man," he said, "do you understand the ethics of swearing?"

"Yes sir," replied the urchin promptly, "I caddied for you last summer!"

Judge, three minutes later—Prisoner discharged.

A little boy was sitting behind a bald-headed man at church, who was scratching the fringe of hair on one side of his bald pate. The old gentleman kept it up so long that at last the little boy became interested, and, leaning over, said:

"Say, mister, you'll never catch him there. Why don't you run him out in the open?"

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RELIGIOUS ITEM.

Mr. Isaacs—I vant to see you apout some legacies. My vader died and made two testaments.

Lawyer—You mean he made two wills or testaments, and then died.

“Choost so. In von of dose vills he leaves me \$5,000 and dot odder vill he leaves \$20,000.

“Which testament did he make first?”

“In dot old testament he leaves me \$5,000, but I vant dat odder vill to be propated.”

“I don’t blame you, Isaac, but this is the first time in my experience that an orthodox Jew preferred the New Testament to the Old.”

HIS CHARGE.

I am told that there appeared one day last summer before a Washington (D. C.) police magistrate a very well-dressed man accompanied by an Irish policeman. “Well, what are you charged with?” asked his honor. “I,” stuttered the prisoner, “I’m ch-ch-char-char”—“Officer,” interrupted the magistrate, “what is this man charged with?”

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"Faith, yer hanner, I belave he's charged with sodywather."

OH, BRACE UP.

A middle-aged man with a troubled look on his face stood on the corner near the Central depot and attracted the attention of a passer-by who inquired:

"Can I do anything for you, sir?"

"Stranger," said the man, "I've lost my grip."

"Oh, brace up," said the other in a cheery voice, "you'll get hold again if you push in. It happens to us all sometime or other."

"I'm afraid I'll never get it again," said the other sadly.

"Nonsense, man. Don't give up when they've just discovered the elixir of life," advised his friend. "Take a hold again like a man."

"What air you talking about?" asked the other. "I lost my grip with four new shirts in it, a new waistcoat, a pair of suspenders, and my wife's photygraft. Just give me a chance and you'll see whether I'll take hold or not," and he walked off with a suspicious look at his late adviser.

WONDERFUL PROSPERITY.



OME few years ago a drummer for one of our wholesale houses was traveling in a buggy along a country road in Arkansas, when he came upon a tall, roughly-dressed man sitting upon a rail fence whittling. With a sociable "Good morning," the traveler drew up his horse and asked:

"Is that your field of corn over there?"

"Wal, I calkilate I'll freeze onto a right smart sheer of it. I'm working the piece on sheers."

"Looks like a fine crop."

"It does."

"I presume you are figuring on great prosperity in future, such immense crops indicating plenty for all."

"Prosperity? Stranger, that hain't no name for the cyclone that's agoin' to hit this settlement atween the eyes this season. A tornado mout come jist now an' land every durned bit o' grain in the country over into Tennessee, and yit the smiles o' contentment 'd never shift off'n our faces!"

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"Some unexpected good luck has befallen you," the tourist replied.

"That's the play to a t-y ty. We're gettin' our slice o' the millenium away ahead o' the advertised date. Fust, ol' Zack Bolton up an' died last month, and thar' hasn't been a ear o' corn or a slice o' bacon missed in the community since we tumbled the dirt on top o' him. Then Wash Tompkins, the boss ol' sledge player, got sent to State prison fur horse stealin', thus givin' us poor players a show fur our pile; then Snaky, the saloon-keeper up at the forks o' the road, dropped down to ten cents a drink fur whiskey, and said he'd take corn same as cash; then my old woman ran off with a Yankee sewin'-machine pedlar, and my darter Sal got religion, an' joined Mount Zion Church, an' if bloomin' prosperity ain't a hangin' over the neighborhood I'm a gilt-edged liar from the Red River swamps. Got any sweet tobacker about you?"

COMPLETE STOCK.

A New York chemist was boasting, in company of friends, of his well-assorted stock in trade. "There isn't a drug miss-

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ing," he said, "not even one of the most uncommon sort."

"Come, now!" said one of the bystanders, by way of a joke. "I bet that you don't keep any spirit of contradiction, well-stocked as you pretend to be."

"Why not?" replied the chemist, not in the least embarrassed at the unexpected sally. "You shall see for yourself." So saying he left the group and returned in a few minutes leading by the hand—his wife.

MISS MURRAY'S STORIES.

Elizabeth Murray, that clever actress, is entertaining her audiences with these stories:

"I was standing in a Broadway car one day recently, when an old colored man courteously offered me his seat. 'But, I do not wish to deprive you of your seat,' I remonstrated. 'Oh, there's no depravity at all,' said he, 'sit down.'"

"I was once summoned as a witness in a case where an old darkey was charged with chicken stealing. The old darkey was on hand early and before the case was called the judge, observing his presence, asked his

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name. 'My name is Johnsing, yo' honah,' said the darkey. 'Are you the defendant in this case?' inquired the judge. 'No, sah,' replied the darkey, 'I'se got a lawyer to do my defencin'. I'se de gentleman what stole de chicken.'

"Just then a small, insignificant Irishman hobbled in on crutches accompanied by his wife, a big, brawny woman. 'Judge,' said she, 'I want you to give this man six months for giving me this black eye.' 'What!' exclaimed the judge in astonishment, 'do you mean to say that this physical wreck gave you that black eye?' 'Your honor,' said the woman, 'I want you to understand that he was not a physical wreck until after he gave me this black eye.' "

DID HE CATCH ON?

They were sailing in the little boat together and she said—

"Are we running before the wind now, George?"

"No, my darling," said he, "our boat is hugging the shore."

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "what a beautiful example you have here."

BILL-BERRIES.



A YOUNG tailor named Berry, lately succeeded to his father's business, once sent in his account to Charles Matthews somewhat ahead of time, whereupon Matthews, with virtuous rage, wrote him the following note:

"You must be a goose—Berry to send me your bill—Berry, before it is due—Berry. Your father, the elder—Berry, would have had more sense. You may look very black—Berry, and feel very blue—Berry, but I don't care a straw—Berry for you and your bill—Berry."

MILDRED CORRECTS HER BROTHER.

"Why, James, what is the matter?" asked the High School Girl, as her brother came in with his eye blackened.

"O, had a fight with a couple of kids; but I'll get at 'em one at a time and take it out of their hides, see if I don't," replied Jim.

"O, James, don't say 'take it out of their hides,' that is vile slang. Say, extract it from their epidermis."

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WHICH, WHAT AND WHY?

What is the difference between an old maid and Christian Science? One is a humbug and the other is a bum-hug.

Which is the only way a leopard can change his spots? By going from one spot to another. 7

Why is the Danish coast a bad place to go for a quiet holiday? Because of the sound which is there.

What is the best early closing movement? To go to bed at 10 o'clock and close your eyes in sleep.

What is it we often tell others to do and can't do ourselves? Stop a minute.

Why are teeth like verbs? Because they are regular, irregular and defective.

What is that which the more you take away from it the larger it grows? A hole.

Why were gloves never meant to sell? Because they were meant to be kept on hand.

Why is a poor friend better than a rich one? Because a friend in need is a friend indeed.

DIDN'T EVEN KEEP LENT.

Once a missionary who had been in a

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savage country was asked: "Are they really cannibals?"

"Yes, indeed," he replied solemnly. "Why they eat men even in Lent."

Why is a cornfield like a galvanic battery?
Because it produces shocks.

SEEING THINGS.

He thought he saw an elephant
Sit weeping on a stile;
He looked again, and found it was
An outlet to the Nile.
Said he: "If I should tickle it,
I wonder would it smile?"

He thought he saw a leather duck
A-sticking in the mud;
He looked again, and found it was
The year before the flood.
He said: "I'd better now go out
And spill the villain's blood."

He thought he saw a crocodile
Come tripping through the heather;
He looked again, and found it was
A spell of lovely weather.
"I think I'll tan this hide," he said,
"And make it into leather."

He thought he saw a cockleshell
Go sailing down the lake;
He looked again, and found that it
Was all a blooming fake.
"It was the kind, ah me!" he cried,
"That mother used to make."

—*Marie Graves.*

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FOLLOWED THE PRESCRIPTION.

Doctor—Have you got the better of the ague yet?

Patient—No, sor. Me an' me wife is as bad as iver, sor.

Doctor—Did you get that whiskey and quinine I prescribed?

Patient—"Yis, sor; but it did no good at all, at all."

Doctor—"That is strange! You took it according to instructions, I suppose?"

Patient—"Yis, sor; ye know a man and his wife are one."

Doctor—"What has that to do with it?"

Patient—"Well, ye see, sor, bein' as we are one flesh, I tuk the whisky and gave Biddy the quinine."

BEFORE AND AFTER.

At the front gate two weeks before the wedding:

He—My dearest darling.

She—Willie my love.

At the front gate two years after:

She—Bill, where are you going?

He—It's none of your blankity blank business.

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PAT'S SEESAW.



HEN I was in New York some time ago I heard a good story about a couple of green-horns that was hired to clean the windows of the N. Y. life insurance building. They went for some cloths and chamois, and started in on the top floor early in the morning.

“‘Do you go outside, Pat,’ says Mike, ‘and I will stay inside.’”

“‘Have I wings like a bird?’ says Pat with some indignation.

“Mike hadn’t thought about that, and they both scratched their heads. Finally Mike says: ‘We will take this plank and make a seesaw. Then we can both work at the same time.’”

“Pat agreed to this, and the plank was shoved out of the window, and Pat took the outside position. They hadn’t finished the first window when a hurry-up wagon passed through the street and Pat looked down. He was so interested that he dropped part

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of his cleaning outfit on the sidewalk away below.

" 'Mike,' he says, 'I've dropped my shammy.' "

" 'Never mind,' says Mike, 'I'll get it for you.' "

"So Mike jumps off his end of the seesaw and runs down the eleven flights of stairs, because this was before the elevators had been started.

"When he reached the sidewalk Pat was there ahead of him, of course. Mike was greatly disgusted.

" 'Pfwat was your dum hurry?' he says. 'And then the ambulance came.' "

STEERING CLEAR OF SIN.

Milkman—Johnny, did you put water in the milk this morning?

New Assistant—Yes, sir.

Don't you know that is wicked, Johnny?

But you told me to mix water with the milk.

Yes, but I told you to put the water in first and pour the milk into it. Then, you see, we can tell the people we never put water in our milk.

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THE FAIR GRADUATE.

"Mamie," said a grammar school girl to a member of the graduating class, "have you finished your essay?"

"Oh, yes," gushed Mamie; "and it is too lovely for anything—a Princess slip of white surah, the back cut off a little below the waist line, and full breadths of silk gathered in so as to hang gracefully over the tournure, and three bias ruffles on the—

"Why, what are you talking about?" interrupted her friend. "I mean, have you finished writing your essay, you know?"

"Er—no," said Mamie, her enthusiasm rapidly diminishing; "but I have commenced it, and I wish the awful thing was in Halifax!"

"What's the subject?"

"'The Curse of Slang.'"

"Gracious! Isn't that a difficult subject to write up?"

"Difficult? Well, I should giggle. I'll have to hump myself to get it finished in time for commencement, and I've a good notion to let it slide. I might shut up the Professor's optic by pleading illness, but I'm not that sort of a hairpin. But come, waltz

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up into my room and look at my stunning graduating harness. It'll paralyze you."

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

A German officer who was over head and ears in debt, said to a friend :

"I owe so much money that I have got to do one of two desperate things."

"What are they?"

"I must either marry a woman with money, or commit suicide. Which do you recommend?"

"Marry, by all means. You will have plenty of time and justification for committing suicide afterward," replied the friend.

NOT A SECRET.

He placed his hand upon his heart.

"You cannot imagine," he protested, "what a terrible load I carry and yet give no sign to the world."

She turned away her head.

"Believe me," she faltered, "the world knows."

A subtle something in the way she raised her handkerchief to her face impelled him to surreptitiously take another clove or two.



"NO FLIES ON HER."

HERE is an experience I had, which I shall not soon forget. A few weeks since a railroad collision on one of the roads leading out of New York killed, among others, a passenger living in an interior town. His remains were sent home in good shape, and a few days after the funeral the attorney of the road called upon the widow to effect a settlement. She placed her damages at \$20,000.

"Oh! that sum is unreasonable," replied the attorney. "Your husband was nearly fifty years old."

"Yes, sir."

"And lame?"

"Yes."

"And his general health was poor?"

"Quite poor."

"And he probably would not have lived over five years?"

"Probably not, sir."

"Then it seems to me that two or three

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thousand dollars would be a fair compensation."

"Two or three thousand!" she echoed.
"Why, sir, I courted that man for ten years,
run after him for ten more, and then had to
chase him down with a shotgun to get him
before a preacher. Do you suppose that I'm
going to settle for bare cost of shoe leather
and ammunition!"

THE WILLIAM GOAT.

Mary had a William Goat
And he was black as jet;
He followed Mary 'round all day,
And liked her! you just bet!

He went with her to school one day,
The teacher kicked him out;
It made the children grin, you know,
To have the goat about.

But though old Whackem kicked him out,
Yet still he lingered near;
He waited just outside the door
Till Whackem did appear.

Then William ran to meet the man,
He ran his level best;
And met him just behind, you know,
Down just below the vest.

Old Whackem turned a somersault;
The goat stood on his head;
And Mary laughed herself so sick
She had to go to bed.

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A MISUNDERSTANDING.

A well-dressed man, with his hat tilted back on his ruffled hair, and an excited look in his eyes, entered Devoe's art store at 101 Fulton street on Wednesday afternoon and stalked up to the counter, behind which several clerks were standing. The man slapped his hand imperatively on the counter. "I want a quarter 'v' a million," he cried, "and I want it quick."

The clerks turned pale and stared at the stranger. A porter slid quietly to the door to get a policeman. The well-dressed but excited stranger started at the clerks in astonishment.

"What the dickens is the matter with you fellows, anyhow?" he cried. "Can't I get a quarter 'v' a million without you having fits?"

"Pray don't get excited," said a clerk, patting the man on the arm. "The porter has just gone after it. We can't get so much money in a second, you know."

The stranger looked thoughtful a moment, then laughed, and the laugh gave the clerks another unpleasant shock:

"Ha, ha!" said the stranger. "I see, I

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see. Don't get alarmed. I merely want paint—paint, not cash. A quart of vermilion paint."

"The clerks recovered their self-possession. "I beg your pardon," said one, "but you talked so fast that it sounded as if you had demanded a quarter of a million. We thought you meant dollars."

The stranger got his paint and the clerks went out and treated themselves.

CLOSE QUARTERS.

A New York street car was fearfully crowded, and one gentleman who was jammed up against another gentleman said to him:

"This is worse than the black hole of Calcutta. I'm almost suffocated. A sardine in a box when compared to this jam is a hermit in a desert."

"It don't seem at all crowded to me. I was in Washington during the inauguration," replied the other party cheerfully.

Why is a spider a good correspondent? Because he drops a line at every post.

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PAT'S REASON.



HERE was once an Irishman, who sought employment as a diver, bringing with him his native enthusiasm and a certain amount of experience. Although he had never been beneath the water, he had crossed an ocean of one variety and swallowed nearly an ocean of another. But he had the Hibernian smile, which is convincing, and the firm chanced to need a new man. And so on the following Monday morning Pat hid his smile for the first time in a diving helmet.

Now, the job upon which the crew to which Pat had attached himself was working in comparatively shallow water, and Pat was provided with a pick and told to use it on a ledge below in a manner with which he was already familiar.

Down he went with his pick, and for about fifteen minutes nothing was heard from him. Then came a strong, determined, deliberate pull on the signal rope, indicating that Pat had a very decided wish to come to the top. The assistants pulled

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him hastily to the raft and removed his helmet.

"Take off the rist av it," said Pat.

"Take off the rest of it?"

"Yis," said Pat. "Oi'll worrik no longer on a domn job phere Oi can't spit on me hands."

—*Col. A. J. Brown.*

ON THE STAIRS.

We were sitting, after waltzing,
On the stairs.
He, before I could forbid it,
Stole a rose, ere yet I missed it,
And, as tenderly he kissed it,
Swiftly in his pocket hid it,
Unawares.

We were talking, after waltzing,
On the stairs.
I had said that he should rue it,
And a lecture I intended,
Which I think he apprehended;
I was kissed before I knew it,
Unawares.

We were silent, after waltzing,
On the stairs,
I had stormed with angry feeling,
But he spoke love, never heeding,
And my eyes fell 'neath his pleading,
All my depth of love revealing.
Unawares. —*Boston Courier.*

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THE JOKER IS NOW MISSING.

The other day a man, hitherto without a spot on his character, inquired with well-feigned innocence :

“How can five persons divide five eggs so that each man will receive one and still one remain in the dish?”

After the company went all but distracted in the mazes of this proposition, the fellow meanly said :

“One takes the dish with the egg.”

OUT OF SIGHT.

The servant of a naval commander, an Irishman, one day let a tea kettle fall into the sea, upon which he ran to his master : “Arrah, an’ plase your honor, can anything be said to be lost when you know where it is?”

“Certainly not,” replied the officer.

“Why, thin, by my sowl and St. Patrick, the tea kettle is at the bottom of the say.”

FILLED A WANT.

He was cutting an item from a newspaper.

“It tells how a house was robbed, and I

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want to show it to my wife," he explained.

"What good will that do?" a friend inquired.

"A whole lot," was the reply. "You see, this house was robbed while the man was at church with his wife."

"Say!" exclaimed the friend, excitedly, "you haven't got a duplicate copy of that paper, have you?"

SULLIVAN AND ALBERT EDWARD.

John L. Sullivan says that the King of England has a keen sense of humor. "The Prince told me a story once," said Sullivan, "which struck me as being real good. He said he met an Irish pugilist and he asked him if he could whip any man in Ireland.

"'No,' said the Irishman readily, 'but I can whip any man in England.'"

Brown—Up at Hagenbeck's show there is a large bear that hugs a woman without killing her.

Jones—That's nothing. I've often seen a lobster do that.

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A HINT TO LOVERS.

Said a chap in an off-handed way,
To a damsel coquettish and gay,
 "I wonder if I
 Had the heart to apply
For a kiss, would I get it or nay?"

Then the maiden with cunning replied,
"Such requests should be always denied;
 It is safest and best
 To defer your request—
At least until after you've tried."

HIS REASON.

A man in Texas was arrested for running away with three sisters—triplets—and was placed on trial.

"You are a nice fellow," said the judge, as a preliminary.

"I know it, jedge; leastwhile that's what the gals said."

"What do you mean by running away

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with three women, and ruining the peace of a happy family?"

"I meant to marry 'em, jedge."

"Insatiate monster, would not one suffice?"

"Put it a leetle plainer, jedge."

"Wouldn't one have been enough?"

"It mought looked that er way to you, jedge, and did to me at fust, but you see there was three of 'em, kind of one set like."

"That doesn't count in law."

"Mebbe it don't, jedge, but them gals and me talked it all over, and they was mighty attached to each other, and said it was a pity for me to take one of them triplets and break the set, so we just concluded to hang together, and I'll be durned if we wasn't a hangin' right out fer Utah, and no mistake."

"The law does not recognize any such excuses."

"All right, ole man; go ahead. There was three agin one, and if I have to suffer, I kin stand it; but I want to say right here, jedge, if any fool cuss breaks that set while I'm sufferin', I'll break his durned skull as

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shore as I'm a dyin' sinner, and you can bet a rawhide on it."

The case was continued.

AN UNFORTUNATE AFFAIR.

That was a sad affair which happened yesterday. A stranger who, we have every reason to believe, meant well, mounted a goods box to address a crowd of gentlemen who had shamrock in their hats. The stranger had a yellow ribbon in his buttonhole.

"This," said he, directing attention to the ribbon, "is the emblem of the patriot; the color—" He got no farther.

"Why in the world did you wear a yellow ribbon on such an occasion?" asked the doctor, as he propped him up in bed.

"Was it yellow, doctor?"

"It was."

"I understand it all now," said the patient wearily. "I'm a railroad brakeman, and color blind."

The Man—Edison's a wonder, isn't he?

The Maid—I don't think so! You can't turn his incandescent lights down low.

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ORDER CANCELLED.

A week previous to the return of the 69th Regt., N. G., of N. Y., from Chickamauga, an Irishman connected with one of the prominent Irish organizations went to a telephone and called up the well-known firm of horse dealers, Fiss, Dorr & Carroll, of N. Y. City, and the following conversation ensued: "I am Tom Gallagher, one of the Committee of the A. O. H., and we want you to send up to the headquarters of our association, on Monday morning next, Twenty-Five Milk White Horses, as we are going down to the Hoboken ferry to receive the gallant 69th 'boys.'" One of the firm answers back: "We have only ten White Horses on hand at present, but we expect about three hundred Green Horses in a day or two and possibly will be able to select the balance from that lot." Gallagher became excited and says: "Well, if that is the case cancel the order for the Twenty-five White Horses and send us up Fifty Green Horses. —*Alex. J. Brown.*

After a man has been married a few years his bump of hope becomes a dent.



SHE GOT THE VERDICT.

ERMIT me to remark you should never cross-question an Irishman if you are wise, says one of the foremost railroad attorneys of the age. "Even if he does not think of an answer he will stumble into some bull that will demoralize the court and jury, and whenever a witness tickles a jury his testimony gains vastly in its influence.

"Yes, I'm speaking from experience. The only witness who ever made me throw up my hands and leave the courtroom was a green Irishman. A section hand had been killed by an express train and his widow was suing for damages. I had a good case, but made the mistake of trying to turn the main witness inside out.

"In his quaint way he had given a graphic description of the fatality, occasionally shedding tears and calling on the saints. Among other things he swore positively the locomotive whistle was not sounded until after the whole train had passed over

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his departed friend. Then I thought I had him.

“ ‘See here, McGinnis,’ said I, ‘you admit that the whistle blew?’ ”

“ ‘Yis, sor; it blewed, sor.’ ”

“ ‘Now if that whistle sounded in time to give Michael warning the fact would be in favor of the company, wouldn’t it?’ ”

“ ‘Yis, sor, and Mike would be tistifyin’ here this day.’ The jury giggled.

“ ‘Never mind that. You were Mike’s friend, and you would like to help his widow out, but just tell me now what earthly purpose there could be for the engineer to blow that whistle after Mike had been struck.’ ”

“ ‘I preshume thot the whistle wore for the nixt man on the thrack, sor.’ ”

“ ‘I left and the widow got all she asked.’ ”

SO GLAD.

Wife (with solicitude of tone)—“It must be very lonesome sitting all by yourself at night, balancing your books.”

Husband (tenderly)—“It is, my darling.”

Wife—“I have been thinking about it for

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some time, and now I have got a pleasant surprise for you."

Husband—"A pleasant surprise?"

Wife—"Yes, dearest. I sent for mother yesterday, and I expect her this evening. I mean to have her stay with us quite awhile. She will take care of the house at night and look to the children, and I can go down and sit in the office with you while you work."

Husband—"The dev—that is to say, I couldn't think of you going down town."

Wife—"It's my duty, dearest. I ought to have thought of it before, but it never came to my mind till yesterday. Oh! John, forgive me for not thinking of your comfort sooner. But I will go and sit with you tonight."

Husband—"Tonight! Why, I—I—the fact is I got through with my books last night."

Wife—"You did? How delightful! And so you can now stay at home every evening. I'm so glad!"

And the delighted wife ran off to make preparations for the reception of her mother, while the husband, with sombre brow,

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sat looking at the picture of a poker party, with one member absent, in the glowing grate.

"I presume you carry a memento of some sort in that locket of yours?"

"Precisely; it is a lock of my husband's hair."

"But your husband is still alive."

"Yes, sir, but his hair is all gone."

WITH ALL HER FAULTS I LOVE HER.

It's true she writes a scrawly hand,
Puts in two "t's" when one would do,
And spells "dog" with an extra "g;"
But not a girl in this wide land
Is half so dear, and very few
One tenth as sweet as she to me.

Dear thing! she sometimes says "I seen,"
"They was," "I's not," or "so be you;"
"Them's yours," "they's good"—harsh to
my ears;

But she is still my lovely queen,
Whose heart-beats are to mine most true,
And will be yet for many years.

Some say that love is blind, and I
Would add that love is deaf also,
Though grammarless and spelling bad,
My love is handsome, sweet and shy.
The secret of our love you'd know?
Sne's only five and I'm her dad.—Anon

FROM PILLAR TO POST.



HE man at the desk looked up.

A small boy stood in the doorway.

"Are you the man that answers the questions in the newspaper?" asked

the boy.

"Yes. What can I do for you?"

"Why, it's this way. I found a pocket-book the other day. It had 30 cents in it. I took it to the newspaper office to advertise it, 'cause I thought that was the honest thing, and they told me it would cost 30 cents. Now, if I take the money out of the pocket-book to pay for the advertising there won't be any left for the man that owns it, and I don't think it's my place to advertise it and pay for it myself. Do you?"

"Is the pocketbook itself worth anything?"

"It's no good on earth. Look at it."

"I see it isn't," said the man at the desk.

"What's bothering you, my son, is that you want to know whether it would be right, under the circumstances, for you to keep

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the pocketbook and the money. Is that it?"

"Well, I want to do the square thing."

"I see. It resolves into a matter of conscience. Why don't you go and ask your pastor?"

"I did," said the boy, "and he sent me to you."

BANGS THAT CAUGHT ON.

It isn't every girl who will tell on herself, but one did. She came to the store and returned a fine pair of bangs she had bought the day previously. "Can you not sell me some that will not come off?"

"Come off! Why these will stay with very little care."

"Oh, they are horrid. They catch on collar buttons and pull off."

The proprietress fainted, the assistant fell on the chair and screamed "What!" while the young lady departed bangless and without her change.

A Woman Customer—Where can I buy powder?

The Shop Walker—Face, gun or bug, madam?

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A SMART KID.



THE fact is I consider myself fairly up to snuff," said the journalist, "and I keep myself in pretty good shape by working off all the sharp things I hear on my oldest boy, a youngster of about 12 years and 3 months. He's no slouch himself, takes after his dad, you know, but I usually down him before I finish. The other night I came home with a pretty fair bunch in a small package and was gloating over my victory in advance."

"‘Say, Buster,’ said I to him,—Buster, isn’t his name, but that’s what I call him when his mother isn’t listening—I’ve got one for you. Stand up and take it. What is the longest word in the dictionary?’

"‘Transmagnificanjubandality,’ said he, following some old instructions I had given him in a previous scrap.

"‘Nit,’ said I.

"‘Give it up,’ said he.

"‘It’s smiles,’ said I, ‘because there’s a “mile” between the first letter and the last.’

"‘Rats,’ said he in a tone of disgust.

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“‘And what’s the next,” said I.

“‘Pass,” said he.

“‘Rubber,’ said I, ‘because if it isn’t long enough you can stretch it.’

“Buster was still for a minute as if thinking. Then he came at me.

“‘Your “smiles” is good enough,’ said he, ‘and your “rubber” ain’t so bad, but I know a word that’s longer.’

“‘What is it?’” said I.

“‘Guess again,’ said he.

“‘There isn’t any,’ said I.

“‘Bet you a new overcoat,’ said he with confidence.

“‘Done,’ said I for I had to get him one anyhow. ‘What’s the word?’

“‘L-o-n-g-e-r,’ said he spelling it out slowly, and I hiked back to the rear and sat down.’”

“Your father has a strong box at home, hasn’t he, Willie?” said the teacher.

“Yes’m,” replied Willie; “the one he keeps the limburger in.”

A man never knows his real value until he is sued for breach of promise.

PADDY BURNS' PRISONER.



THE ex-Senator, Thomas J. Creamer, tells a good story of the palmy days when the Hon. Paddy Burns was deputy sheriff. He was frequently detailed to take convicted prisoners to Sing Sing Prison. One day, as he approached the entrance, a mild-mannered prisoner held out a pair of small white hands chained together with handcuffs. "Sheriff," he said, in pitiful accents, "Look at those hands, they will be no good in the quarries. I'm here for ten years. It'll kill me to go into the quarries. You might as well put a titled lady in the laundry."

"Ah, be aisy, now," said Paddy. "You talk so much you twisht the eye of me."

"I've a hundred dollar bill in my vest pocket, and—"

"Whisper, whisper," broke in Paddy, with sudden interest.

"It's my last hundred dollars," the prisoner continued in a low tone, "and it's yours if you'll only keep me out of the quarries."

"What can ye do, now?" Paddy inquired.

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"Any light work," was the reply. "Can you get me something easy?"

"Well—now—I don't know. Are ye handy wid a pin?"

"Handy with a pen?" repeated the captive with sudden energy. "Heavens, man, I'm too handy. That's what I'm here for."

A NEW NAME FOR IT.

I happened to be walking behind a couple of school children the other day, when one, a lad of about nine years, turned to his companion and said: "Say, Skinny, we don't say 'chestnuts' no more down to our school, we say church bell."

"Aw, g'long. Yer tryin' to get off some gag on me."

"No, I hain't. Hope to die, and cross my heart, if I am!"

"Honestly and truly?"

"Ah, ha!"

"Well, then, if there ain't no gag, why do you say church bell?"

"'Cause it's been tolled before."

"Hah! I don't see anything so very funny about that."

A SEANCE OF FORGETFULNESS.



THREE ladies at tea during conversation, fell upon the subject of their respective husbands' hopeless condition of "forgetfulness." One was a clergyman's wife, one was a groceryman's spouse and the third was a drummer's better half. Says Mrs. Divinity: "Why my husband is so absent-minded that I have to continually exert the most watchful care, or he'll preach the same sermon over two or three times."

The groceryman's wife said: "My husband—I can't for my life really understand what has got into him lately; we cannot trust him to fill any of the orders that come into the store. If we do he gets them all mixed up and the customers are making a fearful fuss; he's the most forgetful man I ever heard of."

It had now arrived for Mrs. Drummer's experience. We all know the versatility of the knight of the "grip" for yarning, and as the sequel will show the drummer's wife had partaken of his fund of humor. Says she: "Talk about forgetfulness; why, my

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husband 'takes the bun.' He came home the other night after a protracted trip of several weeks' duration. We had retired, and as he was fatigued he went right to sleep. Shortly his hand fell to stroking my cheek. At the same time he said: 'Darling, won't you please tell me what your real name is.'

—*Providence Dispatch.*

DELICATELY DONE.

"Ah, madam," he said, as he extended a hand to help her up. "I never saw a more graceful fall. You threw up your arms like a born actress, your little feet indulged in a shuffle, and down you settled with a swan-like movement, which was superb."

"Really, sir?"

"Honest Injun, madam."

And he picked up a No. 7 rubber which had been flung from her left foot, turned her back to a dint in the snow which looked as if a cottage had been upset there, and, raising his hat and making a profound bow, he took his leave, while she got aboard a street car and continued to blush and smile for sixteen blocks.

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THINK 'EM OVER.



HEAR they are trying to close up the gambling establishments in New York. Why didn't they close up Adam? He was the first gambler. Didn't he start the races?

A woman has more on her than a man. She's scared to death of a mouse. And yet she'll go 'round all day with a rat in her hair.

This morning a little after 12 o'clock as I was coming home I was approached by a highwayman. I said to him; "what do you want?" He said, "what you have got."

As he reached for his gun, his foot slipped and I held him up.

The other day as I was walking up the street, a man picked up a paving stone and threw it at a Hebrew. The Hebrew dodged and the stone struck me in the synagogue—the temple, I mean.

—*Frank Cushman.*

"I went to bed last night and dreamed that I died."

"And the heat woke you up?"

CORRECTING A MISTAKE.

The tender of a drawbridge over Harlem river, who had swung his portcullis to allow a schooner to pass up the river, was warmly and violently assailed by the captain of the craft for some slight inattention to duty a few days previous.

"If I had you down on the deck of this vessel I'd break your neck," said the skipper, shaking his fist like a small ham.

"Yer would, would ye, yer check-headed salthorse? If yer was on the plankin' of the bridge I'd knock the flure wid yer ugly carcass, an' hang yer up to dry on the truss."

"Shut up, you animated slush bucket. For two brass pins I'd send my cabin boy up to feed distillery hogs with your remains, you chop-snooted son of a gun."

"Arrah, ye bandy-legged horse-marine, I've a big notion to drop down off the bridge an' maul yer to a pulp."

"Well, why don't you drop?" sneered the captain. "Just drop and I'll feed fishes with you."

"Yer a lyin' skip-jack."

"You're a red-nosed scavenger with blue mould and a cock eye. I am going to tie up

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just above here, and I'll give you a lively interview when I get ashore."

"Is it tie up yer goin' ter be after doin'?" inquired the bridge tender anxiously.

"That's just what I'm going to do, cap."

"Kerrect, me lad. When yer have tied up yer schooner, kum oop here, and we'll take in the lager beer saloon jist ferninst the aste ind of the bridge. Perhaps I've made a mistake."

"All right, my heartie. Mebbe I too was a little quick, but I'll be there, because when I drink I always aim to do it with gentlemen."

"An' it's a gentleman yer is, cap."

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

A Scotch girl, rosy cheeked and demure, was in one corner of a compartment in a Continental train. In the corner opposite sat a heavy German. The Scotch girl was reading in the Bible. The German noticed the fact. After looking the girl over critically he asked her whether she actually believed all she found in the Bible.

"Aye," answered she, raising her eyes to him from the page.

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"Not the story of Adam and Eve?"

"Aye."

"And of Cain and Abel?"

"Aye."

"But certainly you don't believe the story of Jonah and the whale?"

The girl said she believed that, too. The German was puzzled.

"But how are you going to prove it? Ask Jonah when you get to heaven?"

That idea struck the girl as a good one, and she said she could prove it that way.

"Suppose he isn't there? What then? How would you prove it?"

"Ah," said the demure maiden, "then you ask him."

SHE MARRIED A LORD.

"What has become of your neice, Miss Murphy, Mrs. O'Raherty?"

"Och, sure an' she's done well wid herself. She married a lord."

"Why, you don't tell me! An English lord?"

"No; I don't think he's an English lord. He's a landlord. He kapes a hotel out in Indiana."

O, WOMAN, LOVELY WOMAN.



PERHAPS you don't imagine that there are some queer couples in the world, remarked a real estate agent. "The other day a man and a woman called to see me about renting a flat. The woman did all the talking, and turned to the man for confirmation or corroboration. He always agreed with her, and did it very meekly."

"Well," said the woman, "I'll give you \$25 for this flat; won't we, John?"

"Yes'm."

"And I'll pay my rent promptly, too; won't we, John?"

"Yes'm."

"And take good care of the house; won't I, John?"

"Yes'm."

"But," I inquired, as is usual in such cases, "are you man and wife?"

"Man and wife!" exclaimed the woman, sharply; "indeed, we are not; are we, John?"

"No'm."

"What!" says I, "not man and wife?"

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"Not much! I'd have you know that in this family we are wife and man; ain't we, John?"

"Yes'm."

HOW TO GET RID OF HIM.

A middle aged but rich widow, who had a very disagreeable temper, being in fact a perfect virago, complained to her son-in-law that she was annoyed by the attentions of a certain man.

"How shall I get rid of him?" she asked.

"Marry him," laconically replied the son-in-law.

"I'd see him hanged first."

"Just marry him, and it won't be long before he'll hang himself."

WHY HER TEMPER WAS BAD.

"Did you know that Xanthippe, wife of one of the greatest of ancient philosophers, was a great scold?"

"Certainly; but just think what a great tease her husband was."

"A great tease?"

"Yes; Socrates."

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NO MORE KISSING.



GOOD many male friends of Bill Chinks attended his wedding, which took place in a room of the bride's parents' residence in the country a few evenings ago. After the minister had finished the ceremony, Bill, without moving from his position, said:

"Now, Mr. Preacher, what's yer charge fur splicin' us?"

"Oh, well, just what you feel like giving."

"Wall, I feel like givin' a good deal, fur it was a good job. But here's a quarter, which is all I've got."

"Very well, sir; I can't take more than is given me."

And then Bill, taking hold of his bride's right hand with his left, turned to the crowd and said:

"Now, gentleman, I don't know but all you fellers may hav had a whack at kissin' Mariar afore she wus married, but now this 'ere gal's my property. I've paid fur her and she's mine; and the first feller I catch or hear of kissin' her agin 'I'll whale.

Them's my terms. Now let the fiddler chune up his vierlin."

THE EFFICACY OF A COUNTERSIGN.

While Colonel Gilman, with the Middle Tennessee Regiment, was occupying Nashville during the late war, he stationed sentries and patrols in all the principal streets in the city.

One day an Irishman who had not been long enlisted was put on duty at a prominent crossing, and he kept a sharp and faithful watch. Presently a citizen came along.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"A citizen," was the response.

"Advance and give the countersign."

"I have not the countersign," replied the indignant citizen, "and the demand for it at this time and place is unusual."

"Well, begorrah! ye don't pass this way until ye say Bunker Hill."

The citizen, appreciating the situation, smiled and advanced to the sentry, and cautiously whispered the magic words.

"Right! Pass on!" and the wide-awake sentinel resumed his beat.

SUSPICIOUS.



HERE in Washington lives a young woman who, while not a conspicuous beauty, is by no means homely as she affects to believe. A young man has been devoting much of his time to her, and she has given him reason to think that his society pleased her. The other evening he said :

“Do you believe that you could learn to care for anybody well enough to marry him?”

She caught her breath and then answered in a low tone :

“Yes; I am sure I could.”

“Have you—have you anybody in your mind for whom you could care in this way?”

“Yes.”

“Tell me; am I that person?”

She opened her lips to speak and then closed them without speaking. She looked at him narrowly for a moment, and then said :

“First answer me one question.”

“What is it?”

“Are you doing this on a bet?”

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TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

Mr. Hummer had appeared to be nervous for some time.

Ever and anonymously he would lower his paper and look over his spectacles at the clock, and his face would take on a more cruel and determined expression.

Mrs. Hummer said nothing, as she rapidly plied her needle, but occasionally she also would cast furtive and anxious glances at her husband's face.

Neither the husband nor the wife broke the silence, until the old-fashioned clock on the mantle-piece had a mysterious inward convulsion, and chimed out the hour of 11. Then, with a sudden gesture, Mr. Hummer threw down his paper, and turned to his wife, with suppressed fierceness in his manner, and asked:

"Is that young Beauman in the parlor yet?"

Mrs. Hummer could only nod in reply, while her face assumed an even more anxious expression.

A moment Mr. Hummer hesitated, and then, rising with but poorly concealed anger, he drew upon his right foot the heavy boot

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which had covered it during the day, and, while dear, timid little Mrs. Hummer concealed her face in her handkerchief, tiptoed softly out into the front hall, and as silently closed the door.

All was still. The silence seemed almost painful to the tender-hearted little mother waiting in the living room, and she longed to warn her daughter's lover of his peril.

Minutes passed, which seemed as hours, but there came to her ears no sound of violent altercation. The suspense was terrible.

Suddenly the door opened softly, and old Mr. Hummer tiptoed in again, like the "Son John" of history, with one boot off and one boot on, and stood before her.

For full a minute he stood gazing silently at his wife, with a puzzled expression upon his face, while faintly indistinctly from the parlor came the soft sound of sweet converse still unbroken.

"Well?" interrogated Mrs. Hummer at length.

"Well," answered the old man, "what do you b'l'ieve that impudent youn snipper snapper has got but a short-nosed, loppered, cross-eyed, bow-legged, white bull pup lay-

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in' on the mat in front of the parlor door, that won't let a fond parent come within ten feet of him."

HIS WIFE WAS WITH HIM.

"So you've been out West?" he queried of a citizen who returned the other day.

"Yes."

"Lots of snow out there?"

"Millions of acres. I was snowbound on a train for fifteen hours. There were twenty-two ballet girls in my car."

"And your wife was with you?"

"Alas! yes."

"Great Scott! but how you must have suffered!"

HE WAS POSTED.

"What is the leading branch in your school?" asked a lady of a teacher.

Before the teacher could vouchsafe a reply, a little boy interrupted the conversation with:

"I know!"

"And what is it, little boy?" asked the lady.

"That switch in the corner, ma'am."

HIS OWN GRAND-FATHER.



WHEN I married the widow she had a grown up step-daughter. My father came to see me, of course, and, being a widower, he fell in love with my step-daughter and married her. My father, therefore, became my son-in-law, and my step-daughter became my mother, because she had married my father.

In due time my wife had a son, who was, of course, my father's brother-in-law and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-daughter. My father's wife, who was my step-daughter, remember, also had a son, who was my brother and at the same time my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter.

Now my wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother. I was therefore, my wife's husband and grandchild, and as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I was my own grandfather.

WHAT KILLED HIM.

Wife (with newspaper) to husband—
“Here is another forcible temperance lecture: (Reads) ‘Young Spillers got into a boat and shoved out into the river, and as he was intoxicated, he upset the boat, fell into the river and was drowned.’ Now, sir (addressing her husband), if he had not drunk whisky he would not have lost his life.”

Husband—“Let me see. He fell into the river, didn’t he?”

Wife—“Of course he did.”

Husband—“Didn’t die until he fell in?”

Wife—“James, you are positively silly. Of course he didn’t die until he was drowned.”

Husband—“Then it was the water that killed him.”

CHANGEABLE MAILS.

“The mails have changed, madam,” said the clerk at the post office window, in answer to a question about the time for the arrival of the letter pouch.

“Yes, indeed,” replied the old lady, placing both hands on the window edge and

looking straight into the clerk's eyes, "the males have changed. When I was a girl we didn't hear of half the wickedness that we do now, and all owing to the males."

"But the mails I mean——"

"I know what males you mean. The papers are full of their goin's on. And it's a perfect shame. Seems though men get married nowadays just to be supported. When I was a girl a man would a-been ashamed to live off his wife's money; but law, they think nothing of it now. They even hold themselves in the market to be bought up by some rich girl, like that Prince of What-you-may-call-it, over in Paris. Broke off the engagement because she didn't bid high enough, didn't he? A man like that ought not to be worth more 'n five cents. Anyhow, you're quite right, young man, the males have changed."

Then the old lady went away, pleased that she had been able to free her mind.

The street car lurched, she fell ker-flump!
But got up with a happy smile,
And to the young man said: "Please, sir,
How many laps are to the mile?"

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WHERE HE WAS GREAT.

She had purchased two boxes of matches a few minutes before, and as she returned the grocer asked:

"Did you forget something?"

"It's about the matches, sir," she replied. "I see you have given me two boxes of parlor matches."

"Well, isn't that all right?"

"No, sir. I've got to use them in the kitchen as well. You may trade one box for kitchen matches."

"I had soup in a restaurant the other day and found an oyster in it."

"Great Scott! That one oyster in the soup joke is old."

"Yes, but this was tomato soup."

The following is a resolution of an Irish corporation: "That a new jail should be built, that this be done out of the materials of the old one, and the old jail to be used until the new one be completed."

Why is a goat nearly? Because it is all but.

BARRYMORE'S FEAR.



IVE or six gentlemen were in Chicago talking in a hotel corridor, when a wine agent intruded on a party of which Maurice Barrymore was one of the group. He told Barrymore he was a man of good taste, a man of the world and all that, and wound up by asking: "When you want a bottle of wine in future will you not gratify me by asking for my wine?"

"Why, of course," answered Barrymore, most graciously. "I shall be delighted to ask for your wine. But—heavens—suppose they should have it!"

"What do you think of the statement that there are three hundred haunted houses in New York?" asked Mr. Knickerbocker.

"Oh," replied Jones, "that only ghost to show how plentiful spirits are here."

"I'm nearly starved. Just got in from a three-hour trip on the New York Central.

"But couldn't you get anything to eat on the train?"

"Nope! It was a 'fast' train."

KISSES BY MAIL.



HE young postmaster of a village post-office was hard at work when a gentle tap was heard on the door, and in stepped a bashful maiden of sixteen, with a money order, which she desired cashed. She handed it to the official with a bashful smile, who, after closely examining it, handed her the money it called for. At the same time he asked her if she had read what was written on the margin of the order.

"No, I have not," she replied, "for I cannot make it out. Will you please read it for me?"

The young postmaster read as follows: "I send you \$3 and a dozen kisses."

Glancing at the bashful girl, he said: "Now, I have paid you the money and I suppose you want the kisses!"

"Yes," she said, "if he has sent me any kisses, I want them, too."

It is hardly necessary to say that the rest

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of the order was promptly paid, and in a scientific manner at that, and eminently satisfactory to the country maiden.

After she arrived home she remarked to her mother: "Eh, mother, but this postoffice system of ours is a great thing, developing more and more every year, and each new feature added seems to be the best. Jimmy sent me a dozen kisses along with the money order, and the postmaster gave me twenty. It beats the special delivery system all hollow."

WANTED TO BE CALLED DARLING.

A Boston man who was looking for a "spec" in the new mineral range of the Lake Superior district found 100 acres of desirable location held by a widow, and when he asked her price she queried: "Married or single?"

"Married, ma'am."

"Then you can pass on, I've had two husbands run away from me, and lost three children by death, and I'm holding this as a bait for something that wears breeches and will call me darling."

CONVIVIAL TOASTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS.

Here's health to Columbia, the pride of the
earth,
The Stars and Stripes—drink the land of
our birth!
Toast the army and navy, who fought for
our cause,
Who conquered and won us our freedom
and laws.

Here's to the land of the shamrock so green,
Here's to each lad and his darling colleen,
Here's to the ones we love dearest and most,
And may God Bless old Ireland!—that's an
Irishman's toast.

A health to our sweethearts, our friends and
our wives,
And may fortune smile on them the rest of
their lives.

Ireland and America.—May the former
soon be as free as the latter, and may the
latter never forget that Irishmen were in-
strumental in securing the liberty they now
enjoy.

Toasts.

Here's to you as good as you are,
And here's to me as bad as I am;
But as good as you are and as bad as I am,
I'm as good as you are, as bad as I am.

Irishmen—The love of liberty will burn
in their bosoms as long as their bright isle
is washed by the ocean.

Here's to the girl that's good and sweet,
Here's to the girl that's true,
Here's to the girl that rules my heart—
In other words, Here's to you.

Here's to friends both near and far;
Here's to woman, man's guiding star;
Here's to friends we've yet to meet,
Here's to those here; all here I greet;
Here's to childhood, youth, old age,
Here's to prophet, bard and sage,
Here's a health to every one,
Peace on earth, and heaven won!

The Ladies—We admire them for their
beauty, respect them for their intelligence,
adore them for their virtue, and love them
because we can't help it.

May their joys be as deep as the ocean,
And their misfortune as light as its foam.

Toasts.

To Marriage—The happy estate which resembles a pair of shears; so joined that they cannot be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing anyone who comes between them.

I drink it as the fates ordain it.
Come fill it and have done with rhymes.
Fill up the lovely glass and drain it
In memory of dear old times.

The Lily of France may fade,
The Thistle and Shamrock wither,
The Oak of England may decay,
But the Stars shine on forever.

It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows along like a song;
But the man worth while is the one who will
smile
When everything goes dead wrong.

May Dame Fortune ever smile on you;
But never her daughter—
Miss Fortune.

Here's to the lasses we've loved, my lad,
Here's to the lips we've pressed;
For of kisses and lasses
Like liquor in glasses,
The last is always the best.

Toasts.

The Frenchman loves his native wine;
The German loves his beer;
The Englishman loves his 'alf and 'alf,
Because it brings good cheer.
The Irishman loves his "whisky straight,"
Because it gives him dizziness.
The American has no choice at all,
So he drinks the whole d—— business.

May you all be Hung, Drawn and Quartered!
Yes—hung with diamonds,
Drawn in a coach and four
And quartered in the best houses in the land.

The Daughters of Ireland, entrenched
within the fortress of parental affection: May
they never surrender the citadel of their
hearts, except to those who wield the arms
of sincere love, chastened by morality and
temperance.

To Our America: The best land in the
world; let him that don't like it, leave it.

May we ever be able to serve a friend and
noble enough to conceal it.

The Irish Heart—Quick and strong in its
generous impulses, firm in its attachments,
sound to the core.

Toasts.

They talk about a woman's sphere
As though it had a limit;
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whisper yes or no,
There's not a life or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth—
Without a woman in it.

Here's to the stork,
A most valuable bird,
That inhabits the residence districts.
He doesn't sing tunes,
Nor yield any plumes,
But he helps out the vital statistics.

Here's to the girl I love,
And here's to the girl who loves me,
And here's to all those who love her whom I
love
And all those who love her who love me.

The Emerald Isle—May her sons and
daughters resemble a field of potatoes in full
bloom, beautiful to look upon; and when
called on to assist the distressed, may they,
like the roots, prove a real blessing to the
poor.

Toasts.

Here's to the girl that's strictly in it,
Who dosen't lose her head even for a minute,
Plays well the game and knows the limit,
And still gets all the fun there's in it.

When going up the hill of Prosperity,
May you never meet any friend coming down.

Here's to the girls of the American shore,
I love but one, I love no more;
Since she's not here to drink her part,
I drink her share with all my heart.

A cheerful glass, a pretty lass,
A friend sincere and true;
Blooming health, good store of wealth
Attend on me and you.

Here's to a Pat Hand of Queens: Mother,
Wife, Sister and Sweetheart; the noblest of
all God's creations—pure, beautiful woman.

Here's a toast to all who are here,
No matter where you're from;
May the best day you have seen
Be worse than your worst to come.

Toasts.

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting extravagant queen,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty!
Let the toast pass;
Drink to the lass;
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the
glass.

Here's to the girl who loves me
And here's to the many who don't;
Here's to the girl who accepts me,
And here's to the many who won't.

Now, boys, just a moment!
You've all had your say;
While enjoying ourselves
In so pleasant a way;
We have toasted our sweethearts,
Our friends, and our wives;
We've toasted each other,
Wishing all merry lives;
But I now will propose to you
The toast that is best—
'Tis one in a million,
And outshines the rest.
Don't frown when I tell you
This toast beats all others;
But drink one more toast, boys—
A toast to—"Our Mothers."



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